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THE

PARENT'S ASSISTANT;

OR,

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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CONTAINING

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THE BARRING OUT;

OR,

PARTY SPIRIT.

THANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

"The mother of mischief," says an old proverb, "is no bigger than a midge's wing."

At Doctor Middleton's school, there was a great tall dunce of the name of Fisher, who never could be taught how to look out a word in a dictionary. He used to torment every body with—"Do pray help me! I can't make out this one word."—The person who usually helped him in his distress, was a very clever good-natured boy, of the name of De Grey. De Grey had been many years under Dr. Middleton's care, and by his abilities and good conduct

did him great credit. The Doctor certainly was both proud and fond of him; but he was so well beloved, or so much esteemed by his companions, that nobody had ever called him by the odious name of favourite until the arrival of a new scholar of the name of Archer.

Till Archer came, the ideas of *favourites* and *parties* were almost unknown at Dr. Middleton's; but he brought all these ideas fresh from a great public school, at which he had been educated—at which he had acquired a sufficient quantity of Greek and Latin, and a superabundant quantity of party-spirit. His aim, the moment that he came to a new school, was to get to the head of it, or at least to form the strongest party. His influence, for he was a boy of considerable abilities, was quick-

ly felt, though he had a powerful rival, as he thought proper to call him, in De Grey; and, with *him*, a rival was always an enemy. De Grey, so far from giving him any cause of hatred, treated him with a degree of cordiality, which would probably have had an effect upon Archer's mind, if it had not been for the artifices of Fisher.

It may seem surprising that a *great dunce* should be able to work upon a boy like Archer, who was called a great genius; but when genius is joined to a violent temper, instead of being united to good sense, it is at the mercy even of dunces.

Fisher was mortally offended one morning by De Grey's refusing to translate his whole lesson for him. He went over to Archer, who, considering him as a partisan deserting from the enemy,

received him with open arms, and translated his whole lesson, without expressing much contempt for his stupidity. From this moment Fisher forgot all De Grey's former kindness, and considered only how he could in his turn mortify the person, whom he felt to be so much his superior.

De Grey and Archer were now reading for a premium, which was to be given in their class. Fisher betted on Archer's head, who had not sense enough to despise the bet of a blockhead: On the contrary, he suffered him to excite the spirit of rivalship in its utmost fury by collecting the bets of all the school. So that this premium now became a matter of the greatest consequence; and Archer, instead of taking the means to secure a judgment in his favour, was listening to the opinions of all his com-

panions. It was a prize which was to be won by his own exertions, but he suffered himself to consider it as an affair of chance. The consequence was, that he trusted to chance—his partisans lost their wagers, and he the premium—and his temper.

"Mr. Archer," said Dr. Middleton, after the grand affair was decided, "you have done all that genius alone could do; but you, De Grey, have done all that genius and industry united, could do."

"Well!" cried Archer, with affected gaiety, as soon as the doctor had left the room—"Well, I am content with *my* sentence—Genius alone for me! industry for those who *want* it," added he, with a significant look at De Grey.

Fisher applauded this as a very spirited speech, and, by insinuations, that Dr.

Middleton "always gave the premium to De Grey," and that "those who had lost their bets might thank themselves for it, for being such simpletons as to bet against the favourite;" he raised a murmur, highly flattering to Archer, amongst some of the most credulous boys; whilst others loudly proclaimed their belief in Dr. Middleton's impartiality. These warmly congratulated De Grey. At this Archer grew more and more angry, and when Fisher was proceeding to speak nonsense *for* him, pushed forward into the circle to De Grey, crying—"I wish, Mr. Fisher, you would let me fight my own battles!"

"And *I* wish," said young Townsend, who was fonder of diversions than of premiums, or battles, or of any thing else—"*I* wish that we were not to have any battles; after having worked like

horses, don't set about to fight like dogs. Come," said he, tapping De Grey's shoulder, "let us see your new play-house, do—It's a holiday, and let us make the most of it—let us have the School for Scandal, do, and I'll play Charles for you, and you, De Grey, shall be *my little Premium.*—Come, do open this new play-house of yours to-night."

"Come then!" said De Grey, and he ran across the play-ground to a waste building, at the farthest end of it, in which, at the earnest request of the whole community, and with the permission of Dr. Middleton, he had with much pains and ingenuity erected a theatre.

"The new theatre is going to be opened! Follow the manager! Follow the manager!" echoed a multitude of voices.

"*Follow the manager!*" echoed very disagreeably in Archer's ear; but as he could not be *left alone*, he was also obliged to follow the manager. The moment that the door was unlocked, the crowd rushed in; the delight and wonder expressed at the sight was great, and the applauses and thanks which were bestowed upon the manager were long and loud.

Archer at least thought them long, for he was impatient till his voice could be heard. When at length the exclamations had spent themselves, he walked across the stage with a knowing air, and looking round contemptuously—

"And is *this* your famous play-house?" cried he. "I wish you had any of you seen the play-house *I* have been used to!"

These words made a great and visible

change in the feelings and opinions of the public. "Who would be a servant of the public? or who would toil for popular applause?"—A few words spoken in a decisive tone by a new voice operated as a charm, and the play-house was in an instant metamorphosed in the eyes of the spectators. All gratitude for the past was forgotten, and the expectation of something better justified to the capricious multitude their disdain of what they had so lately pronounced to be excellent.

Every one now began to criticise. One observed, "that the green curtain was full of holes, and would not draw up." Another attacked the scenes—"Scenes! they were not like real scenes. Archer must know best, because he was used to these things."—So every body crowded to hear something of the *other*

play-house. They gathered round Archer to hear a description of his play-house, and at every sentence insulting comparisons were made. When he had done, his auditors looked round—sighed—and wished that Archer had been their manager. They turned from De Grey, as from a person who had done them an injury. Some of his friends—for he had friends, who were not swayed by the popular opinion—felt indignation at this ingratitude, and were going to express their feelings; but De Grey stopped them, and begged that he might speak for himself.

"Gentlemen," said he, coming forward, as soon as he felt that he had sufficient command of himself—

"My friends, I see you are discontented with me and my play-house. I have done my best to please you; but

if any body else can please you better, I shall be glad of it. I did not work so hard for the glory of being your manager. You have my free leave to tear down"—Here his voice faltered, but he hurried on—"You have my free leave to tear down all my work as fast as you please.—Archer, shake hands first however, to show that there's no malice in the case."

Archer, who was touched by what his rival said, and stopping the hand of his new partisan Fisher, cried, "No, Fisher! no!—no pulling down. We can alter it. There is a great deal of ingenuity in it, considering."

In vain Archer would now have recalled the public to reason. The time for reason was past, enthusiasm had taken hold of their minds.—"Down with it! Down with it!" Archer for

ever!" cried Fisher, and tore down the curtain. The riot once begun, nothing could stop the little mob, till the whole theatre was demolished. The love of power prevailed in the mind of Archer; he was secretly flattered by the zeal of his *party*, and he mistook their love of mischief for attachment to himself. De Grey looked on superior. "I said I could bear to see all this, and I can," said he—"now it is all over."—And now it was all over, there was silence. The rioters stood still to take breath and to look at what they had done. There was a blank space before them.

In this moment of silence there wa heard something like a female voice.— "Hush!—What strange voice is that?" said Archer. Fisher caught fast hold o his arm—Every body looked round to see where the voice came from. It wa

dusk—Two window-shutters at the farthest end of the building were seen to move slowly inwards. De Grey, and in the same instant Archer, went forward, and as the shutters opened, there appeared through the hole the dark face and shrivelled hands of a very old gipsy. She did not speak; but she looked first at one, and then at another. At length she fixed her eyes upon De Grey—"Well, my good woman, what do you want with me?"

"Want!—nothing—with *you*," said the old woman; "do you want nothing with *me?*"

"Nothing," said De Grey. Her eye immediately turned upon Archer—"*You* want something with me," said she with emphasis—"I! What do I want?" replied Archer—"No," said she, changing her tone, "you want

nothing—nothing will you ever want, or I am much mistaken in that *face*."

In that *watch-chain*, she should have said, for her quick eye had espied Archer's watch-chain. He was the only person in company who had a watch, and she therefore judged him to be the richest.

"Had you ever your fortune told, sir, in your life?"

"Not I!" said he, looking at De Grey, as if he was afraid of his ridicule if he listened to the gipsy.

"Not you!—no!—for you will make your own fortune, and the fortune of all that belong to you!"

"There's good news for my friends!" cried Archer.—"And I'm one of them, remember that," cried Fisher.—"And I"—"And I"—joined a number of voices.

"Good luck to them!" cried the gipsy; "good luck to them all!"

Then as soon as they had acquired sufficient confidence in her good-will, they pressed up to the window—"There," cried Townsend, as he chanced to stumble over the carpenter's mitre-box, which stood in the way—"There's a good omen for me. I've stumbled on the mitre-box; I shall certainly be a bishop."

Happy he who had sixpence, for he bid fair to be a judge upon the bench. And happier he who had a shilling, for he was in the high-road to be one day upon the woolsack, Lord High Chancellor of England. No one had half a crown, or no one would surely have kept it in his pocket upon such an occasion, for he might have been

an archbishop, a king, or what he pleased.

Fisher, who, like all weak people, was extremely credulous, had kept his post immoveable in the front row all the time, his mouth open, and his stupid eyes fixed upon the gipsy, in whom he felt implicit faith.

Those who have least confidence in their own powers, and who have least expectation from the success of their own exertions, are always most disposed to trust in fortune-tellers, and fortune. They hope to *win*, when they cannot *earn*; and as they can never be convinced by those who speak sense, it is no wonder they are always persuaded by those who talk nonsense.

"I have a question to put," said Fisher in a solemn tone.

"Put it then," said Archer; "what hinders you?"

"But they will hear me," said he, looking suspiciously at De Grey.

"*I* shall not hear you," said De Grey, "I am going." Every body else drew back, and left him to whisper his question in the gipsy's ear.

"What is become of my Livy?"

"Your *sister* Livy, do you mean?" said the gipsy.

"No; my *Latin* Livy."

The gipsy paused for further information—"It had a leaf torn out in the beginning, and *I hate Dr. Middleton*"—

"Written in it," interrupted the gipsy—

"Right—the very book!" cried Fisher with joy. "But how *could* you know it was Dr. Middleton's name?

I thought I had scratched it so that nobody could make it out.

"Nobody *could* make it out but *me*," replied the gipsy. "But never think to deceive me," said she, shaking her head at him in a manner that made him tremble.

"I don't deceive you indeed. I tell you the whole truth. I lost it a week ago."

"True."

"And when shall I find it?"

"Meet me here at this hour to-morrow evening, and I will answer you—No more!—I must be gone—Not a word more to-night."

She pulled the shutters towards her, and left the youth in darkness. All his companions were gone. He had been so deeply engaged in this conference, that he had not perceived their depart-

ure. He found all the world at supper, but no entreaties could prevail upon him to disclose his secret. Townsend rallied in vain. As for Archer, he was not disposed to destroy by ridicule the effect, which he saw that the old woman's predictions in his favour had had upon the imagination of many of his little partisans. He had privately slipped two shillings into the gipsy's hand to secure her; for he was willing to pay any price for *any* means of acquiring power.

The watch-chain had not deceived the gipsy, for Archer was the richest person in the community. His friends had imprudently supplied him with more money than is usually trusted to boys of his age. Dr. Middleton had refused to give him a larger monthly allowance than the rest of his companions; but he

brought to school with him secretly the sum of five guineas. This appeared to his friends and to himself an inexhaustible treasure.

Riches and talents would, he flattered himself, secure to him that ascendancy, of which he was so ambitious. "Am I your manager, or not?" was now his question. "I scorn to take advantage of a hasty moment, but since last night you have had time to consider. If you desire me to be your manager, you shall see what a theatre I will make for you. In this purse," said he, showing through the net-work a glimpse of the shining treasure—"in this purse is Aladdin's wonderful lamp—Am I your manager?—Put it to the vote."

It was put to the vote. About ten of the most reasonable of the assembly declared their gratitude and high ap-

probation of their old friend De Grey; but the numbers were in favour of the new friend. And as no metaphysical distinctions relative to the idea of a majority had ever entered their thoughts, the most numerous party considered themselves as now beyond dispute in the right. They drew off on one side in triumph; and their leader, who knew the consequence of a name in party matters, immediately distinguished his partisans by the gallant name of *Archers*, stigmatizing the friends of De Grey by the epithet of Greybeards.

Amongst the Archers was a class, not very remarkable for their mental qualifications; but who by their bodily activity, and by the peculiar advantages annexed to their way of life, rendered themselves of the highest consequence, especially to the rich and enter-

prising. The judicious reader will apprehend, that I allude to the persons called day-scholars. Amongst these, Fisher was distinguished by his knowledge of all the streets and shops in the adjacent town; and, though a dull scholar, he had such reputation as a man of business, that whoever had commissions to execute at the confectioner's were sure to apply to him. Some of the youngest of his employers had, it is true, at times complained, that he made mistakes of half-pence and pence in their accounts; but as these affairs could never be brought to a public trial, Fisher's character and consequence were undiminished, till the fatal day when his aunt Barbara forbade his visits to the confectioner—or rather, till she requested the confectioner, who had his private reasons for obeying her, not to

receive her nephew's visits, as he had made himself sick at his house, and Mrs. Barbara's fears for his health were incessant.

Though his visits to the confectioner's were thus at an end, there were many other shops open to him; and, with officious zeal, he offered his services to the new manager, to purchase whatever might be wanting for the theatre.

Since his father's death, Fisher had become a boarder at Dr Middleton's; but his frequent visits to his aunt Barbara afforded him opportunities of going into the town. The carpenter, De Grey's friend, was discarded by Archer, for having said "*lack a daisy!*" when he saw that the old theatre was pulled down. A new carpenter and paper-hanger, recommended by

Fisher, were appointed to attend, with their tools, for orders, at two o'clock. Archer, impatient to show his ingenuity and his generosity, gave his plan and his orders in a few minutes, in a most decided manner.—"These things," he observed, "should be done with some spirit."

To which the carpenter readily assented, and added, that "Gentlemen of spirit never looked to the *expence*, but always to the *effect*." Upon this principle Mr. Chip set to work with all possible alacrity. In a few hours' time he promised to produce a grand effect. High expectations were formed—nothing was talked of but the new playhouse; and so intent upon it was every head,, that no lessons could be got. Archer was obliged, in the midst of his various occupations, to perform the par

of grammar and dictionary for twenty different people.

"Oh, ye Athenians!" he exclaimed, "how hard do I work to obtain your praise!"

Impatient to return to the theatre, the moment the hours destined for instruction, or, as they are termed by school-boys, school-hours, were over, each prisoner started up with a shout of joy.

"Stop one moment, gentlemen, if you please," said Dr. Middleton, in an awful voice. "Mr. Archer, return to your place—Are you all here?"—The names of all the boys were called over, and when each had answered to his name, Dr. Middleton said,

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to interrupt your amusements; but, till you have contrary orders from me, no one,

on pain of my serious displeasure, must go into *that* building" (pointing to the place where the theatre was erecting)—"Mr. Archer, your carpenter is at the door, you will be so good as to dismiss him—I do not think proper to give my reasons for these orders; but you who *know* me," said the doctor, and his eye turned towards De Grey, "will not suspect me of caprice—I depend, gentlemen, upon your obedience."

To the dead silence, with which these orders were received, succeeded in a few minutes a universal groan.—"So!" said Townsend, "all our diversion is over."—"So," whispered Fisher in the manager's ear, "this is some trick of the Greybeards; did you not observe how he looked at De Grey?"—Fired by this idea, which had never entered his mind before, Archer started from

his reverie, and, striking his hand upon the table, swore, "that he would not be outwitted by any Greybeard in Europe, —no not by all of them put together. The Archers were surely a match for them—he would stand by them, if they would stand by him," he declared with a loud voice, "against the whole world; and Dr. Middleton himself, with *little Premium* at his right hand."

Every body admired Archer's spirit, but were a little appalled at the sound of standing against Dr. Middleton.

"Why not?" resumed the indignant manager. "Neither Dr. Middleton, nor any doctor upon earth, shall treat me with injustice. This, you see, is a stroke at me and my party, and I won't bear it."

"O, you are mistaken!" said De Grey, who was the only one who dared

to oppose reason to the angry orator—"It cannot be a stroke aimed at you and your party, for he does not know that you *have* a party."

"I'll make him know it, and I'll make *you* know it too," said Archer. "Before I came here, you reigned alone; now your reign is over, Mr. De Grey. Remember my majority this morning, and your theatre last night."

"He has remembered it," said Fisher; "you see, the moment he was not to be our manager, we were to have no theatre—no play-house—no plays. We must all sit down with our hands before us—all for '*good reasons*' of Dr. Middleton's, which he does not vouchsafe to tell us."

"I won't be governed by any man's reasons, that he won't tell me," cried

Archer; "he cannot have good reasons, or why not tell them?"

"Nonsense! *we shall not suspect him of caprice!*"

"Why not!"

"Because we, who know him," said De Grey, "have never known him capricious."

"Perhaps not; *I* know nothing about him," said Archer.

"No," said De Grey; "for that very reason *I* speak, who do know him. —Don't be in a passion, Archer."

"I will be in a passion—I won't submit to tyranny—I won't be made a fool of by a few soft words.—You don't know me, De Grey—I'll go through with what I've begun—I am manager, and I will be manager, and you shall see my theatre finished in spite of you, and *my* party triumphant."

"Party?" repeated De Grey—"I cannot imagine what is in the word 'party,' that seems to drive you mad. We never heard of parties till you came amongst us."

"No; before I came, I say, nobody dared oppose you, but *I* dare; and I tell you to your face—take care of me—A warm friend and a bitter enemy, is my motto."

"I am not your enemy!—I believe you are out of your senses, Archer!" said he, laughing.

"Out of my senses!—No—you are my enemy!—Are not you my rival?—Did not you win the premium?—Did not you want to be manager?—Answer me, are not you, in one word, a Grey-beard?"

"You called me a Greybeard, but

my name is De Grey," said he, still laughing.

"Laugh on!" cried the other furiously. "Come, *Archers*, follow me!—*we* shall laugh by and by, I promise you."

At the door Archer was stopped by Mr. Chip—"O, Mr. Chip, I am ordered to discharge you."

"Yes, sir; and here is a little bill—"

"Bill, Mr. Chip!—why, you have not been at work for two hours!"

"Not much over, sir; but if you'll please to look into it, you'll see it's for a few things you ordered. The stuff is all laid out and delivered. The paper, and the festoon-bordering for the drawing-room scene, is cut out, and left *yander*, within."

"*Yander*, within!—I wish you had not been in such a confounded hurry

—six-and-twenty shillings!" cried he, "but I can't stay to talk about it now.—I'll tell you, Mr. Chip," said Archer, lowering his voice, "what you must do for me, my good fellow."—Then drawing Mr. Chip aside, he begged him to pull down some of the wood-work which had been put up, and to cut it into a certain number of wooden bars, of which he gave him the dimensions, with orders to place them all, when ready, under a haystack, which he pointed out. Mr. Chip scrupled and hesitated, and began to talk of "*the doctor*." Archer immediately began to talk of the bill; and, throwing down a guinea and a half, the conscientious carpenter pocketed the money directly, and made his bow.

"Well, Master Archer," said he,

"there's no refusing you nothing.—You have such a way of talking one out of it—you manage me just like a child."

"Aye, aye!" said Archer, knowing that he had been cheated, and yet proud of managing a carpenter—"Aye, aye, I know the way to manage every body—let the things be ready in an hour's time—and hark'e! leave your tools by mistake behind you, and a thousand of twenty-penny nails—Ask no questions, and keep your own counsel, like a wise man—off with you, and take care of '*the doctor*.'"

"Archers! Archers!—To the Archer's tree follow your leader," cried he, sounding his well-known whistle as a signal.—His followers gathered round him; and he, raising himself upon the mount at the foot of the tree, counted

his numbers, and then, in a voice lower than usual, addressed them thus:—

"My friends, is there a Greybeard amongst us? If there is, let him walk off now—he has my free leave."

No one stirred—"Then we are all Archers, and we will stand by one another—join hands, my friends."

They all joined hands.

"Promise me not to betray me, and I will go on—I ask no security but your honour."

They all gave their honour to be secret and *faithful*, as he called it, and he went on—

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as *a Barring out*, my friends?"

They had heard of such a thing; but they had only heard of it.

Archer gave the history of a Barring out, in which he had been concerned

at his school; in which the boys stood out two days against the master, and gained their point at last, which was a week's more holidays at Easter.

"But if *we* should not succeed," said they; "Dr. Middleton is so steady, he never goes back from what he has said."

"Did you ever try to push him back? —Let us be steady, and he'll tremble—tyrants always tremble when——"

"O!" interrupted a number of voices, "but he is not a tyrant, is he?"

"All schoolmasters are tyrants, are not they?" replied Archer; "and is not he a schoolmaster?"

To this logic there was no answer; but, still reluctant, they asked, "What they should *get* by a Barring out?"

"Get!—Every thing!—What we

want!—which is every thing to lads o spirit—victory and liberty!—Bar hi out till he repeals his tyrannical law— till he lets us into our own theatre agai or till he tells us his '*good reason* against it."

"But perhaps he has reasons for n telling us?"

"Impossible!" cried Archer; "tha the way we are always to be govern by a man in a wig, who says he h good reasons, and can't tell them—A you fools?—Go—go back to De Gr —I see you are all Greybeards—Go- who goes first?"

Nobody would go *first*.

"I will have nothing to do with y if ye are resolved to be slaves!"

"We won't be slaves!" they all e claimed at once.

"Then," said Archer, "stand out in the right, and be free."

"*The right!*"—It would have taken up too much time to examine what "the right" was. Archer was always sure, that "*the right*" was what his party chose to do—that is, what he chose to do himself; and such is the influence of numbers upon each other in conquering the feelings of shame, and in confusing the powers of reasoning, that in a few minutes "the right" was forgotten, and each said to himself—"To be sure, Archer is a very clever boy, and he can't be mistaken;"—or, "To be sure, Townsend thinks so, and he would not do any thing to get us into a scrape;"—or, "To be sure, every body will agree to this but myself, and I can't stand out alone, to be pointed

at as a Greybeard and a slave. Every body thinks it is right, and every body can't be wrong."

By some of these arguments, which passed rapidly through the mind, without his being conscious of them, each boy decided, and deceived himself—what none would have done alone, none scrupled to do as a party.

It was determined then, that there should be a barring out. The arrangement of the affair was left to their new manager, to whom they all pledged implicit obedience.

Obedience, it seems, is necessary, even from rebels to their ringleaders—not reasonable, but implicit obedience.

Scarcely had the assembly adjourned to the Ball-alley, when Fisher, with an important length of face, came up to

the manager, and desired to speak one word to him—

"My advice to you, Archer, is, to do nothing in this till we have consulted *you know who* about whether it's right or wrong."

"*You know who!*—Who do you mean?—Make haste, and don't make so many faces, for I'm in a hurry—Who is '*You know who?*'"

"The old woman," said Fisher, gravely; "the gipsy."

"You may consult the old woman," said Archer, bursting out a laughing, "about what's right and wrong, if you please; but no old woman shall decide for me."

"No; but you don't *take* me," said Fisher. "You don't *take* me. By right and wrong, I mean lucky and unlucky."

"Whatever *I* do will be lucky," replied Archer. "My gipsy told you that already."

"I know, I know," said Fisher, "and what she said about your friends being lucky—that went a great way with many," added he, with a sagacious nod of his head, "I can tell you *that*—more than you think—Do you know," said he, laying hold of Archer's button, "I'm in the secret. There are nine of us have crooked our little fingers upon it not to stir a step till we get her advice; and she has appointed me to meet her about particular business of my own at eight. So I'm to consult her, and to bring her answer."

Archer knew too well how to govern fools, to attempt to reason with them; and, instead of laughing any longer at Fisher's ridiculous superstition, he was

determined to take advantage of it.—He affected to be persuaded of the wisdom of the measure—looked at his watch, urged him to be exact to a moment, conjured him to remember exactly the words of the oracle, and, above all things, to demand the lucky hour and minute when the barring out should begin.

With these instructions, Archer put his watch into the solemn dupe's hand, and left him to count the seconds, till the moment of his appointment, whilst he ran off himself to prepare the oracle. At a little gate, which looked into a lane, through which he guessed that the gipsy must pass, he stationed himself, saw her, gave her half a crown and her instructions, made his escape, and got back unsuspected to Fisher, whom he found in the attitude in

which he had left him, watching the motion of the minute-hand.

Proud of his secret commission, Fisher slouched his hat, he knew not why, over his face, and proceeded towards the appointed spot. To keep, as he had been charged to do by Archer, within the letter of the law, he stood *behind* the forbidden building, and waited some minutes. Through a gap in the hedge the old woman at length made her appearance, muffled up, and looking cautiously about her.

"There's nobody near us!" said Fisher, and he began to be a little afraid—"What answer," said he, recollecting himself, "about my Livy?"

"Lost!—Lost!—Lost!"—said the gipsy, lifting up her hands; "never, never, never to be found!—But no matter for that now—that is not your

errand to-night—no tricks with me—speak to me of what is next your heart."

Fisher, astonished, put his hand upon his heart, told her all that she knew before, and received the answers which Archer had dictated—"That the Archers should be lucky as long as they stuck to their manager and to one another: that the barring out should end in woe, if not begun precisely as the clock should strike nine on Wednesday night; but if begun in that *lucky* moment, and all obedient to their *lucky* leader, all should end well."

A thought, a provident thought, now struck Fisher; for even he had some foresight, where his favourite passion was concerned—"Pray, in our barring out, shall we be starved?"

"No," said the gipsy, "not if you

trust to me for food, and if you give me money enough — silver won't do for so many, gold is what must cross my hand."

"I have no gold," said Fisher, "and I don't know what you mean by so many,—I'm only talking of number one, you know — I must take care of that first."

So, as Fisher thought that it was possible, that Archer, clever as he was, might be disappointed in his supplies, he determined to take secret measures for himself. His aunt Barbara's interdiction had shut him out of the confectioner's shop, but he flattered himself that he could out-wit his aunt; he therefore begged the gipsy to procure him twelve buns by Thursday morning, and bring them secretly to one of the windows of the school-room.

As Fisher did not produce any money when he made this proposal, it was at first absolutely rejected; but a bribe at length conquered all difficulties; and the bribe which Fisher found himself obliged to give—for he had no pocket-money left of his own, he being as much *restricted* in that article as Archer was *indulged*—the bribe that he found himself obliged to give, to quiet the gipsy, was half a crown, which Archer had intrusted to him to buy candles for the theatre.—"O," thought he to himself, "Archer's so careless about money, he will never think of asking me for the half-crown again; and now he'll want no candles for the *theatre*—or at any rate it will be some time first, and may be aunt Barbara may be got to give me that much at Christmas—

then, if the worst comes to the worst, I can pay Archer.—My mouth waters for the buns, and have 'em I must now."

So, for the hope of twelve buns, he sacrificed the money which had been intrusted to him.—The meanest motives, in mean minds, often prompt to the commission of those great faults, to which, one should think, nothing but some violent passion could have tempted.

The ambassador having thus, in his opinion, concluded his own and the public business, returned well satisfied with the result, after receiving the gipsy's reiterated promise, to tap *three times* at the window on Thursday morning.

The day appointed for the barring

out at length arrived; and Archer, assembling the confederates, informed them, that all was prepared for carrying their design into execution; that he now depended for success upon their punctuality and courage. He had, within the last two hours, got all the bars ready to fasten the doors and window-shutters of the school-room; he had, with the assistance of two of the day-scholars, who were of the party, sent into the town for provision, at his own expence, which would make a handsome supper for that night; he had also negotiated with some cousins of his, who lived in the town, for a constant supply in future.

"Bless me," exclaimed Archer, suddenly stopping in this narration of his services, "there's one thing, after all, I've forgot; we shall be undone without

it—Fisher, pray did you ever buy the candles for the play-house?"

"No, to be sure," replied Fisher, extremely frightened, "you know you don't want candles for the play-house now."

"Not for the play-house, but for the barring out—we shall be in the dark, man—you must run this minute, run."

"For candles?" said Fisher confused, "how many?—what sort?"

"Stupidity!" exclaimed Archer, "you are a pretty fellow at a dead lift!—Lend me a pencil and a bit of paper, do; I'll write down what I want myself.—Well, what are you fumbling for?"

"For money!" said Fisher colouring.

"Money, man!" Didn't I give you half a crown the other day?"

"Yes," replied Fisher, stammering;

"but I wasn't sure, that that might be enough."

"Enough! yes, to be sure it will—I don't know what you are *at*."

"Nothing, nothing," said Fisher, "here, write upon this then," putting a piece of paper into Archer's hand, upon which Archer wrote his orders.—"Away, away!" cried he.

And away went Fisher.—He returned; but not until a considerable time afterwards.

They were at supper when he returned.—"Fisher always comes in at supper-time," observed one of the Greybeards, carelessly.

"Well, and would you have him come in *after* supper-time?" said Townsend, who always supplied his party with ready *wit*."

"I've got the candles," whispered Fisher, as he passed by Archer to his place.

"And the tinder-box?" said Archer.

"Yes; I got back from my aunt Barbara under pretence, that I must study for repetition-day an hour later to-night—So I got leave.—Was not that clever?"

A dunce always thinks it clever t[illegible] cheat even by *sober lies.*

How Mr. Fisher procured the cand[illegible] and the tinder-box without money, and without credit, for he had no credit, we shall discover in future.

Archer and his associates had agreed to stay the last in the school-room, and as soon as the Greybeards were gone out to bed, he, as the signal, was to shut and lock one door, Townsend the othe[illegible] a third conspirator was to strike a light,

in case they should not be able to secure a candle; a fourth was to take charge of the candle as soon as lighted; and all the rest were to run to their bars, which were secreted in the room; then to fix them to the common fastening bars of the window, in the manner in which they had been previously instructed by the manager. Thus each had his part assigned, and each was warned, that the success of the whole depended upon their order and punctuality.

Order and punctuality, it appears, are necessary even in a barring-out; and even rebellion must have its laws.

The long-expected moment at length arrived. De Grey and his friends, unconscious of what was going forward, walked out of the school-room as usual at bed-time. The clock began to strike nine. There was one Greybeard left in

the room, who was packing up some of his books, which had been left about by accident. It is impossible to describe the impatience with which he was watched, especially by Fisher, and the nine who depended upon the gipsy oracle.

When he had got all his books together under his arm, he let one of them fall; and whilst he stooped to pick it up Archer gave the signal. The doors were shut, locked, and double-locked in an instant. A light was struck, and each ran to his post. The bars were all in the same moment put up to the windows, and Archer, when he had tried them all, and seen that they were secure, gave a loud "Huzza!"—in which he was joined by all the party most manfully—by all but the poor Greybeard, who, the picture of astonish-

ment, stood stock-still in the midst of them with his books under his arm; at which spectacle Townsend, who enjoyed the *frolic* of the fray more than any thing else, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"So, my little Greybeard," said he, holding a candle full in his eyes, "what think you of all this?—How came you amongst the wicked ones?"

"I don't know, indeed," said the little boy very gravely, "you shut me up amongst you—won't you let me out?"

"Let you out! No, no, my little Greybeard," said Archer, catching hold of him, and dragging him to the window-bars—"Look ye here—touch these—put your hand to them—pull, push, kick—put a little spirit into it,

man—kick like an Archer, if ye can—away with ye. It's a pity that the king of the Greybeards is not here to admire me—I should like to show him our fortifications. But come, my merry-men all, now to the feast. Out with the table into the middle of the room—Good cheer, my jolly Archers!—I'm your manager!"

Townsend, delighted with the bustle, rubbed his hands and capered about the room, whilst the preparations for the feast were hurried forward.

"Four candles!—Four candles on the table. Let's have things in style when we are about it, Mr. Manager," cried Townsend. "Places!—Places! There's nothing like a fair scramble, my boys—Let every one take care of himself—Hallo! Greybeard, I've knocked

Greybeard down here in the scuffle—Get up again, my lad, and see a little of life."

"No, no," cried Fisher, "he shan't *sup* with us."

"No, no," cried the manager, "he shan't *live* with us; a Greybeard is not fit company for Archers."

"No, no," cried Townsend, "evil communication corrupts good manners."

So with one unanimous hiss, they hunted the poor little gentle boy into a corner; and having pent him up with benches, Fisher opened his books for him, which he thought the greatest mortification, and set up a candle beside him —"There, now he looks like a Greybeard as he is!" cried they.

"Tell me what's the Latin for cold

roast beef:" said Fisher, exulting, and they returned to their feast.

Long and loud they revelled. They had a few bottles of cider. "Give me the corkscrew, the cider shan't be kept till it's sour," cried Townsend, in answer to the manager, who, when he beheld the provision vanishing with surprising rapidity, began to fear for the morrow.

"Hang to-morrow!" cried Townsend, "let Greybeards think of to-morrow; Mr. Manager, here's your good health."

The Archers all stood up as their cups were filled, to drink the health of their chief with a universal cheer.

But at the moment that the cups were at their lips, and as Archer bowed to thank the company, a sudden shower

from above astonished the whole assembly. They looked up, and beheld the rose of a watering-engine, the long neck of which appeared through a trap-door in the ceiling.

"Your good health, Mr. Manager;" said a voice, which was known to be the gardener's, and in the midst of their surprise and dismay the candles were suddenly extinguished, the trap-door shut down, and they were left in utter darkness.

"The *Devil!*" said Archer—

"Don't swear, Mr. Manager," said the same voice from the ceiling, "I hear every word you say."

"Mercy upon us!" exclaimed Fisher. "The clock," added he, whispering, "must have been wrong, for it had not done striking when we began.—Only you remember, Archer; it had

just done before you had done locking your door."

"Hold your tongue, blockhead!" said Archer.—"Well, boys! were ye never in the dark before? You are not afraid of a shower of rain, I hope—Is any body drowned?"

"No," said they with a faint laugh, "but what shall we do here in the dark all night long, and all day to-morrow? —we can't unbar the shutters."

"It's a wonder *nobody* ever thought of that trap-door," said Townsend.

The trap-door had indeed escaped the manager's observation, as the house was new to him, and, the ceiling being newly white-washed, the opening was scarcely perceptible. Vexed to be out-generalled, and still more vexed to have it remarked, Archer poured forth a volley of incoherent exclamations and re

proaches against those, who were thus so soon discouraged by a trifle; and groping for the tinder-box, he asked if any thing could be easier than to strike a light again.

The light appeared. But at the moment that it made the tinder-box visible, another shower from above aimed, and aimed exactly, at the tinder-box, drenched it with water, and rendered it totally unfit for further service.

Archer in a fury dashed it to the ground. And now for the first time he felt what it was, to be the unsuccessful head of a party. He heard in his turn the murmurs of the discontented, changeable populace; and recollecting all his bars, and bolts, and ingenious contrivances, he was more provoked at their blaming him for this one only

oversight, than he was grieved at the disaster itself.

"O, my hair is all wet!" cried one, dolefully.

"Wring it then," said Archer.

"My hand's cut with your broken glass," cried another.

"Glass!" cried a third, "mercy! is there broken glass? and it's all about, I suppose, amongst the supper—and I had but one bit of bread all the time."

"Bread!" cried Archer—"Eat, if you want it—Here's a piece here, and no glass near it."

"It's all wet—And I don't like dry bread by itself—That's no feast."

"Heigh-day!—What, nothing but moaning and grumbling!—If these are the joys of *a barring out*," cried

Townsend, "I'd rather be snug in my bed. I expected that we should have sat up till twelve o'clock, talking and laughing and singing."

"So you may still—what hinders you?" said Archer—"Sing, and we'll join you, and I should be glad those fellows over-head heard us singing. Begin, Townsend—

"Come now all ye social powers,
"Spread your influence o'er us—"

or else—

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
"Britons never will be slaves."

Nothing can be more melancholy than forced merriment. In vain they roared in chorus. In vain they tried to appear gay—it would not do. The voices died away, and dropped off one by one. They had each provided himself with a great coat to sleep upon, but

now in the dark there was a peevish scrambling contest for the coats, and half the company, in very bad humour, stretched themselves upon the benches for the night.

There is great pleasure in bearing any thing that has the appearance of hardship, as long as there is any glory to be acquired by it; but when people feel themselves foiled, there is no further pleasure in endurance: and if in their misfortune there is any mixture of the ridiculous, the motives for heroism are immediately destroyed. Dr. Middleton had probably considered this, in the choice he made of his first attack.

Archer, who had spent the night, as a man that had the cares of government upon his shoulders, rose early in the morning, whilst every body else

was fast asleep. In the night he had revolved the affair of the trap-door, and a new danger had alarmed him. It was possible, that the enemy might descend upon them through the trap-door. The room had been built high, to admit a free circulation of air. It was twenty feet high; so that it was in vain to think of reaching to the trap-door. As soon as day-light appeared, Archer rose softly, that he might *reconnoitre*, and devise some method of guarding against this new danger. Luckily there were round holes in the top of the window-shutters, which admitted sufficient light for him to work by. The remains of the soaked feast, wet candles, and broken glass, spread over the table in the middle of the room, looked rather dismal this morning.

"A pretty set of fellows I have to

manage!" said Archer, contemplating the group of sleepers before him.—"It is well they have somebody to think for them. Now if I wanted—which, thank goodness, I don't—but if I did want to call a cabinet-council to my assistance, whom could I pitch upon?—Not this stupid snorer, who is dreaming of gipsies, if he is dreaming of any thing," continued Archer, as he looked into Fisher's open mouth.

"This next chap is quick enough, but then he is so fond of having every thing his own way.

"And this curl-pated monkey who is grinning in his sleep, is all tongue, and no brains.

"Here are brains, though nobody would think it, in this lump," said he, looking at a fat, rolled up, heavy-breathing sleeper; "but what signify brains

to such a lazy dog? I might kick him for my foot-ball this half-hour, before I should get him awake.

"This lank-jawed Harlequin beside him is a handy fellow, to be sure; but then if he has hands, he has no head —and he'd be afraid of his own shadow too, by this light, he is such a coward!

"And Townsend, why he has puns in plenty; but when there's any work to be done, he's the worst fellow to be near one in the world—he can do nothing but laugh at his own puns.

"This poor little fellow, that we hunted into the corner, has more sense than all of them put together; but then he is a Greybeard."

Thus speculated the chief of a party upon his sleeping friends.—And how did it happen, that he should be so ambitious to please and govern this

set, when, for each individual of which it was composed, he felt such supreme contempt? He had formed them into a *party*, had given them a name, and he was at their head. If these be not good reasons, none better can be assigned for Archer's conduct.

"I wish ye could all sleep on," said he; "but I must waken ye, though ye will be only in my way. The sound of my hammering must waken them; so I may as well do the thing handsomely, and flatter some of them by pretending to ask their advice."

Accordingly, he pulled two or three to waken them. "Come, Townsend, waken, my boy! Here's some diversion for you—up! up!"

"Diversion!" cried Townsend, "I'm your man! I'm up—*up to any thing*."

So, under the name of *diversion*, Ar-

cher set Townsend to work at four o'clock in the morning. They had nails, a few tools, and several spars, still left from the wreck of the play-house. These, by Archer's directions, they sharpened at one end, and nailed them to the ends of several forms. All hands were now called to clear away the supper things, and to erect these forms perpendicularly under the trap-door; and, with the assistance of a few braces, a cheval-de-frise was formed, upon which nobody could venture to descend. At the furthest end of the room, they likewise formed a penthouse of the tables, under which they proposed to breakfast, secure from the pelting storm, if it should again assail them through the trap-door They crowded under the penthouse as soon as it was ready, and their admi-

tion of its ingenuity paid the workmen for the job.

"Lord! I shall like to see the gardener's phiz through the trap-door, when he beholds the spikes under him!" cried Townsend.—"Now for breakfast!"

"Aye, now for breakfast," said Archer, looking at his watch; "past eight o'clock, and my town boys not come!" I don't understand this!"

Archer had expected a constant supply of provision from two boys who lived in the town who were cousins of his, and who had promised to come every day, and put food in at a certain hole in the wall, in which a ventilator usually turned. This ventilator Archer had taken down, and had contrived it so, that it could be easily removed and replaced at pleasure; but, upon exam-

nation, it was now perceived, that the hole had been newly stopped up by an iron back, which it was impossible to penetrate or remove.

"It never came into my head, that any body would ever have thought of the ventilator but myself!" exclaimed Archer, in great perplexity. He listened, and waited for his cousins, but no cousins came; and, at a late hour, the company were obliged to breakfast upon the scattered fragments of the last night's feast. That feast had been spread with such imprudent profusion, that little now remained to satisfy the hungry guests. Archer, who well knew the effect which the apprehension of a scarcity would have upon his associates, did every thing that could be done by a bold countenance and reiterated ass rtions, to persuade them that

his cousins would certainly come at last, and that the supplies were only delayed. The delay, however, was alarming.

Fisher, alone, heard the manager's calculations, and saw the public fears, unmoved. Secretly rejoicing in his own wisdom, he walked from window to window, slily listening for the gipsy's signal. "There it is!" cried he, with more joy sparkling in his eyes than had ever enlightened them before; "Come this way, Archer; but don't tell any-body. Hark! do ye hear those three taps at the window?—This is the old woman with twelve buns for me! I'll give you one whole one for yourself, if you will unbar the window for me."

"Unbar the window!" interrupted Archer; "no, that I won't, for you or

the gipsy either; but I have head enough to get your buns without that. But stay, there is something of more consequence than your twelve buns—I must think for ye all, I see, regularly."

So he summoned a council, and proposed that every one should subscribe, and trust the subscription to the gipsy, to purchase a fresh supply of provision. Archer laid down a guinea of his own money for his subscription; at which sight all the company clapped their hands, and his popularity rose to a high pitch with their renewed hopes of plenty. Now, having made a list of their wants, they folded the money in the paper, put it into a bag, which Archer tied to a long string, and, having broken the pane of glass behind the round hole in the window-shutter, he let down the bag to the gipsy. She

promised to be punctual; and having filled the bag with Fisher's twelve buns, they were drawn up with triumph, and every body anticipated the pleasure with which they should see the same bag drawn up at dinner-time. The buns were a little squeezed in being drawn through the hole in the window-shutter; but Archer immediately sawed out a piece of the shutter, and broke the corresponding panes in each of the other windows, to prevent suspicion, and to make it appear, that they had all been broken to admit the air.

What a pity that so much ingenuity should have been employed to no purpose! It may have surprised the intelligent reader, that the gipsy was so punctual to her promise to Fisher; but we must recollect, that her apparent integrity was only cunning; she was punc

tual, that she might be employed again —that she might be intrusted with the contribution, which, she foresaw, must be raised amongst the famishing garrison. No sooner had she received the money than her end was gained.

Dinner-time came—it struck three, four, five, six. They listened with hungry ears, but no signal was heard. The morning had been very long, and Archer had in vain tried to dissuade them from devouring the remainder of the provision before they were sure of a fresh supply. And now, those who had been the most confident, were the most impatient of their disappointment.

Archer, in the division of the food, had attempted, by the most scrupulous exactness, to content the public; and he was both astonished and provoked

to perceive that his impartiality was impeached. So differently do people judge in different situations.—He was the first person to accuse his master of injustice, and the least capable of bearing such an imputation upon himself from others. He now experienced some of the joys of power, and the delight of managing unreasonable numbers.

"Have not I done every thing I could to please ye? Have not I spent my money to buy ye food? Have not I divided the last morsel with ye? I have not tasted one mouthful to-day!—Did not I set to work for ye at sunrise? Did not I lie awake all night for ye? Have not I had all the labour, all the anxiety? Look round and see *my* contrivances, *my* work, *my* generosity! And, after all, you think me a tyrant, because I want you to have common

sense. Is not this bun which I hold in my hand my own? Did not I earn it by my own ingenuity from that selfish dunce (pointing to Fisher), who could never have gotten one of his twelve buns, if I had not shown him how? Eleven of them he has eaten since morning for his own share, without offering any mortal a morsel; but I scorn to eat even what is justly my own, when I see so many hungry creatures longing for it. I was not going to touch this last morsel myself; I only begged you to keep it till supper-time, when, perhaps, you'll want it more, and Townsend, who can't bear the slightest thing that crosses his own whims, and who thinks there's nothing in this world to be minded but his own diversion, calls me a *tyrant*. You all of you promised to obey me—the first thing I ask you to do for your

own good, and when, if you had common sense, you must know I can want nothing but your good, you rebel against me. — Traitors!—Fools! — Ungrateful fools!"

Archer walked up and down, unable to command his emotion, whilst, for the moment, the discontented multitude was silenced.

"Here," said he, striking his hand upon the little boy's shoulder, "here's the only one amongst ye, who has not uttered one word of reproach or complaint, and he has had but one bit of bread—a bit that I gave him myself this day.—Here!" said he, snatching the bun, which nobody had dared to touch —"Take it—it's mine—I give it to you, though you are a Greybeard—you deserve it—eat it, and be an Archer. You shall be my captain—will you?" said

he, lifting him up in his arms above the rest.

"I like you now," said the little boy courageously; "but I love De Grey better; he has always been my friend, and he advised me never to call myself any of those names, Archer or Greybeard, so I won't: though I am shut in here, I have nothing to do with it. I love Dr. Middleton; he was never unjust to *me*; and I dare say that he has very good reasons, as De Grey said, for forbidding us to go into that house—besides, it's his own."

Instead of admiring the good sense and steadiness of this lad, Archer suffered Townsend to snatch the untasted bun out of his hands. He flung it at the hole in the window, but it fell back. The Archers scrambled for it, and Fisher ate it.

Archer saw this, and was sensible that he had not done handsomely in suffering it. A few moments ago he had admired his own generosity, and though he had felt the injustice of others, he had not accused himself of any. He turned away from the little boy, and, sitting down at one end of the table, hid his face in his hands. He continued immoveable in this posture for some time.

"Why!" said Townsend, "it was an excellent joke!"

"Pooh!" said Fisher, "what a fool, to think so much about a bun!"

"Never mind, Mr. Archer, if you are thinking about me," said the little boy, trying gently to pull his hands from his face.

Archer stooped down, and lifted him up upon the table; at which sight the enraged partisans set up a general

hiss—"He has forsaken us! He deserts his party! He wants to be a Greybeard! After he has got us all into this scrape, he will leave us!"

"I am not going to leave you," cried Archer. "No one shall ever accuse me of deserting my party. I'll stick by the Archers, right or wrong, I tell you, to the last moment:—but this little fellow—take it as you please; mutiny if you will, and throw me out of the window; call me traitor, coward, Greybeard—this little fellow is worth you all put together, and I'll stand by him against whoever dares to lay a finger upon him: and the next morsel of food that I see shall be his; touch him who dares."

The commanding air with which Archer spoke and looked, and the belief that the little boy deserved his protection,

silenced the crowd: but the storm was only hushed.

No sound of merriment was now to be heard—no battledore and shuttlecock, no ball, no marbles. Some sat in a corner, whispering their wishes, that Archer would unbar the doors, and give up. Others, stretching their arms and gaping, as they sauntered up and down the room, wished for air, or food, or water. Fisher and his nine, who had such firm dependence upon the gipsy, now gave themselves up to utter despair. It was eight o'clock, growing darker and darker every minute, and no candles, no light, could they have. The prospect of another long dark night made them still more discontented. Townsend at the head of the yawners, and Fisher at the head of the hungry malcontents, gathered round Archer and the few yet un-

conquered spirits, demanding, How long he meant to keep them in this dark dungeon? and whether he expected, that they should starve themselves to death for his sake?

The idea of *giving up* was more intolerable to Archer than all the rest; he saw, that the majority, his own convincing argument, was against him. He was therefore obliged to condescend to the arts of persuasion. He flattered some with hopes of food from the town boys. Some he reminded of their promises. Others he praised for former prowess; and others he shamed by the repetition of their high vaunts in the beginning of the business.

It was at length resolved, that at all events they *would hold out*. With this determination they stretched themselves

again to sleep, for the second night, in weak and weary obstinacy.

Archer slept longer and more soundly than usual the next morning, and when he awoke—he found his hands tied behind him. Three or four boys had just gotten hold of his feet, which they pressed down, whilst the trembling hands of Fisher were fastening the cord round them. With all the force which rage could inspire, Archer struggled and roared to "*his Archers*"—his friends, —his party!—for help against the traitors.

But all kept aloof. Townsend, in particular, stood laughing, and looking on. "I beg your pardon, Archer, but really you look so droll!—All alive and kicking!—Don't be angry—I'm so weak I cannot help laughing to-day."

The packthread cracked—"His hands are free!—He's loose!" cried the least of the boys, and ran away, whilst Archer leaped up, and seizing hold of Fisher with a powerful grasp, sternly demanded, what he meant by this.

"Ask my party," said Fisher, terrified; "they set me on; ask my party."

"Your party!" cried Archer, with a look of ineffable contempt: "You reptile!—*your* party! Can such a thing as *you* have a party?"

"To be sure," said Fisher, settling his collar, which Archer, in his surprise, had let go—"To be sure—Why not?—Any man who chooses it may have a party as well as yourself, I suppose—I have my nine Fishermen."

At these words, spoken with much sullen importance, Archer, in spite of his vexation, could not help laughing—

"Fishermen!" cried he, "*Fishermen!*"—"And why not Fishermen as well as Archers?" cried they;—"one party is just as good as another; it is only a question which can get the upper hand; and we had your hands tied just now."

"That's right, Townsend," said Archer; "laugh on, my boy! Friend or foe, it's all the same to you. I know how to value your friendship now. You are a mighty good fellow when the sun shines; but, let a storm come, and how you slink away!"

At this instant Archer felt the difference between a *good companion* and a good friend; a difference which some people do not discover till too late in life.

"Have I no friend?—no real friend amongst ye all? And could ye stand by and see my hands tied behind me, like

a thief's. What signifies such a party? —All mute!"

"We want something to eat," answered the Fishermen. "What signifies *such* a party, indeed?—and *such* a manager, who can do nothing for one?"

"And have I done nothing?"

"Don't let's hear any more prosing," said Fisher; "we are too many for you. I've advised my party, if they've a mind not to be starved, to give you up for the ringleader, as you were; and Dr. Middleton will let *us* all off, I dare say."

So, depending upon the sullen silence of the assembly, he again approached Archer with a cord. A cry of "No! no! no! Don't tie him"—was feebly raised.

Archer stood still; but the moment Fisher touched him, he knocked him down to the ground; and, turning to

the rest with eyes sparkling with indig-nation, "Archers!" cried he.

A voice at this instant was heard at the door—it was De Grey's voice—"I have a large basket of provision for your breakfast."

A general shout of joy was sent forth by the voracious public—"Breakfast!—Provision!—A large basket—De Grey for ever!—Huzza!"

De Grey promised, upon his honour, that if they would unbar the door, no-body should come in with him, and no advantage should be taken of them. This promise was enough, even for Archer.

"I will let him in," said he, "myself; for I'm sure he will never break his word."

He pulled away the bar—the door opened—and having bargained for the

liberty of Melsom (the little boy who had been shut in by mistake), De Grey pushed in his basket of provision, and locked and barred the door instantly.

Joy and gratitude sparkled in every face, when he unpacked his basket, and spread the table with a plentiful breakfast. A hundred questions were asked him at once — " Eat first," said he, "and we will talk afterwards." This business was quickly dispatched by people who had not tasted food for several hours. Their curiosity increased as their hunger diminished. "Who sent us breakfast? Does Dr. Middleton know?" were questions reiterated from every mouth.

"He does know," answered De Grey; "and the first thing I have to tell you is, that I am your fellow-prisoner. I am to stay here, till you give up. This

was the only condition on which Dr. Middleton would allow me to bring you food, and he will allow no more."

Every one looked at the empty basket. But Archer, in whom half-vanquished party-spirit revived with the strength he had gotten from his breakfast, broke into exclamations in praise of De Grey's magnanimity, as he now imagined that De Grey was become one of themselves.

"And you will join us, will you?—that's a noble fellow!"

"No," answered De Grey, calmly, "but I hope to persuade, or rather to convince you, that you ought to join me."

"You would have found it no hard task to have persuaded or convinced us, whichever you pleased," said Townsend, "if you had appealed to Archers fasting, but Archers feasting are quite

other animals. Even Cæsar himself, after breakfast, is quite another thing!" added he, pointing to Archer.

"You may speak for yourself, Mr. Townsend," replied the insulted hero, "but not for me, or for Archers in general, if you please. We unbarred the door upon the faith of De Grey's promise—*that* was not giving up. And it would have been just as difficult, I promise you, to persuade or convince me either, that I should give up against my honour before breakfast, as after."

This spirited speech was applauded by many, who had now forgotten the feelings of famine. Not so Fisher, whose memory was upon this occasion very distinct.

"What nonsense"—and the orator paused for a synonymous expression, but none was at hand. "What nonsense

and—nonsense is here!—Why, don't you remember, that dinner-time, supper-time, and breakfast-time will come again? So what signifies mouthing about persuading and convincing. We will not go through again what we did yesterday. Honour me no honour, I don't understand it.—I'd rather be flogged at once, as I've been many's the good time for a less thing. I say, we'd better all be flogged at once, which must be the end of it, sooner or later, than wait here to be without dinner, breakfast, and supper, all only because Mr. Archer won't give up because of his honour, and nonsense!"

Many prudent faces amongst the Fishermen seemed to deliberate at the close of this oration, in which the arguments were brought so "home to each man's business and bosom."

"But," said De Grey, "when we yield, I hope it will not be merely to get our dinner, gentlemen. When we yield, Archer—"

"Don't address yourself to me," interrupted Archer, struggling with his pride; "you have no further occasion to try to win me—I have no power, no party, you see!—and now I find that I have no friends, I don't care what becomes of myself. I suppose I'm to be given up as ringleader. Here's this Fisher, and a party of his Fishermen, were going to tie me hand and foot, if I had not knocked him down, just as you came to the door, De Grey; and now, perhaps, you will join Fisher's party against me."

De Grey was going to assure him, that he had no intention of joining any

party, when a sudden change appeared in Archer's countenance.

"Silence!" cried Archer, in an imperious tone; and there was silence. Some one was heard to whistle the beginning of a tune, that was perfectly new to every-body present, except to Archer, who immediately whistled the conclusion.

"There!" cried he, looking at Dr. Grey with triumph, "that's a method of holding secret correspondence, whilst a prisoner, which I learned from 'Richard Cœur de Lion.' I know how to make use of every thing. Hollo, friend, are you there at last?" cried he, going to the ventilator.

"Yes, but we are barred out here."

"Round to the window, then, and fill your bag; we'll let it down, my lad, in a trice, bar me out who can."

Archer let down the bag with all the expedition of joy, and it was filled with all the expedition of fear.—" Pull away —make haste;" said the voice without, " the gardener will come from dinner else, and we shall be caught. He mounted guard all yesterday at the ventilator; and, though I watched till it was darker than pitch, I could not get near you. I don't know what has taken him out of the way now—make haste, pull away!"

The heavy bag was soon pulled up—" Have you any more?" said Archer.

" Yes, plenty—let down quick: Ive got the tailor's bag full, which is there times as large as yours; and I've changed clothes with the tailor's boy, so nobody took notice of me as I came down the street."

"There's my own cousin!" exclaimed Archer—"there's a noble fellow!—there's my own cousin, I acknowledge. Fill the bag, then."

Several times the bag descended and ascended; and at every unlading of the crane, fresh acclamations were heard. "I have no more!" at length the boy with the tailor's bag cried.

"Off with you, then; we've enough, and thank you."

A delightful review was now made of their treasure; busy hands arranged and sorted the heterogeneous mass. Archer, in the height of his glory, looked on, the acknowledged master of the whole. Townsend, who, in prosperity as in adversity, saw and enjoyed the comic foibles of his friends, pushed De Grey, who was looking on with a more good-naturred and more thoughtful air: "Friend,

said he, "you look like a great philosopher, and Archer like a great hero."

"And you, Townsend," said Archer, "may look like a wit, if you will; but you will never be a hero."

"No, no," replied Townsend, "wits are never heroes, because they are wits —you are out of your wits, and therefore may set up for a hero."

"Laugh and welcome—I'm not a tyrant. I don't want to restrain any body's wit; but I cannot say I admire puns."

"Nor I neither," said the time-serving Fisher, fiddling up to the manager, and picking the ice off a piece of plum-cake; "nor I neither; I hate puns. I can never understand Townsend's *puns*; besides, any body can make puns; and one doesn't want wit either at all times; for instance, when one is going to settle

about dinner, or business of consequence. Bless us all, Archer!" continued he, with sudden familiarity, "*What a sight of good things are here!* I'm sure we are much obliged to you and your cousin—I never thought he'd have come. Why, now we can hold out as long as you please. Let us see," said he, dividing the provision upon the table, "we can hold out to-day, and all to-morrow, and part of next day, may be. Why, now, we may defy the doctor and the Greybeards—and the doctor will surely give up to us, for, you see, he knows nothing of all this, and he'll think we are starving all this while; and he'd be afraid, you see, to let us starve quite in reality, for three whole days, because of what would be said in the town. My aunt Barbara, for one, would be *at him* long before that time was out; and, be

sides, you know, in that there case, he'd be hanged for murder, which is quite another thing, in law, from a *barring out*, you know."

Archer had not given to this harangue all the attention which it deserved; for his eye was fixed upon De Grey. "What is De Grey thinking of?" he asked impatiently.

"I am thinking," said De Grey, "that Dr. Middleton must believe, that I have betrayed his confidence in me. The gardener was ordered away from his watch-post for one half-hour when I was admitted. This half-hour the gardener has made nearly an hour. I never would have come amongst you, if I had foreseen all this. Dr. Middleton trusted me, and now he will repent of his confidence in me."

"De Grey," cried Archer, with energy, "he shall not repent of his confidence in you; nor shall you repent of coming amongst us; you shall find, that we have some honour as well as yourself; and I will take care of your honour, as if it were my *own!*"

"Hey-day!" interrupted Townsend, "are heroes allowed to change sides, pray? And does the chief of the Archers stand talking sentiments to the chief of the Greybeards? In the middle of his own party too!"

"Party!" repeated Archer, disdainfully; "I have done with parties! I see what parties are made of. I have felt the want of a friend, and I am determined to make one, if I can."

"That you may do," said De Grey, stretching out his hand.

"Unbar the doors! unbar the windows!—Away with all these things!—I give up for De Grey's sake; he shall not lose his credit on my account."

"No," said De Grey, "you shall not give up for my sake."

"Well then, I'll give up to do what is *honourable*," said Archer.

"Why not to do what is *reasonable?*" said De Grey.

"*Reasonable!* O, the first thing that a man of spirit should think of is, what is *honourable*."

"But how will he find out *what is* honourable, unless he can reason?"

"O," said Archer, "his own feelings alway tell him what is honourable."

"Have not *your feelings* changed within these few hours?"

"Yes, with circumstances; but right or wrong, as long as I think it ho-

nourable to do so and so, I'm satisfied."

"But you cannot think any thing honourable, or the contrary, without reasoning; and as to what you call feeling, it's only a quick sort of reasoning."

"The quicker the better," said Archer.

"Perhaps not," said De Grey; "we are apt to reason best, when we are not in quite so great a hurry."

"But," said Archer, "we have not always time enough to reason *at first*."

"You must, however, acknowledge," replied De Grey, smiling, "that no man but a fool thinks it honourable to be in the wrong *at last*. Is it not, therefore, best to begin by reasoning to find out the right *at first?*"

"To be sure."

"And did you reason with yourself at first? And did you find out that it was right to bar Dr. Middleton out of his own school-room, because he desired you not to go into one of his own houses?"

"No; but I should never have thought of heading a Barring out, if he had not shown partiality; and if you had flown into a passion with me openly, at once, for pulling down your scenery, which would have been quite natural, and not have gone slily and forbid us the house, out of revenge, there would have been none of this work."

"Why," said De Grey, "should you suspect me of such a mean action, when you have never seen or known me do any thing mean, and when in this instance you have no proofs?"

"Will you give me your word and

honour now, De Grey, before every body here, that you did not do what I suspected?"

"I do assure you, upon my honour, I never, directly or indirectly, spoke to Dr. Middleton about the playhouse."

"Then," said Archer, "I'm as glad as if I had found a thousand pounds!—Now you are my friend, indeed."

"And Dr. Middleton—why should you suspect him without reason, any more than me?"

"As to that," said Archer, "he is your friend, and you are right to defend him; and I won't say another word against him—Will that satisfy you?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite!—Then, indeed, you are unreasonable."

"No; for I don't wish you to yield out of friendship to me, any more than

to honour. If you yield to reason, you will be governed by reason another time."

"Well; but then don't triumph over me, because you have the best side of the argument."

"Not I!—how can I?" said De Grey; "for now you are on *the best side* as well as myself, are not you? So we may triumph together."

"You are a good friend!" said Archer, and with great eagerness he pulled down the fortifications, whilst every hand assisted. The room was restored to order in a few minutes; the shutters were thrown open, the cheerful light let in. The windows were thrown up, and the first feeling of the fresh air was delightful. The green play-ground appeared before them, and the hopes of

exercise and liberty brightened the countenances of these voluntary prisoners.

But, alas! they were not yet at liberty!—the idea of Dr. Middleton, and the dread of his vengeance, smote their hearts! When the rebels had sent an ambassador with their surrender, they stood in pale and silent suspense, waiting for their doom.—"Ah!" said Fisher, looking up at the broken panes in the windows, "the doctor will think the most of *that*—he'll never forgive us for that."

"Hush! here he comes!"—His steady step was heard approaching nearer and nearer! Archer threw open the door, and Dr. Middleton entered.—Fisher instantly fell on his knees.

"It is no delight to me to see people on their knees; stand up, Mr. Fisher

I hope you are all conscious that you have done wrong."

"Sir," said Archer, "they are conscious that they have done wrong, and so am I. I am the ringleader—punish me as you think proper—I submit. Your punishments, your vengeance, ought to fall on me alone."

"Sir," said Dr. Middleton, calmly, "I perceive, that whatever else you may have learned in the course of your education, you have not been taught the meaning of the word Punishment. Punishment and vengeance do not, with us, mean the same thing. *Punishment* is pain given, with the reasonable hope of preventing those, on whom it is inflicted, from doing *in future* what will hurt themselves or others. *Vengeance* never looks to the *future*; but is the expression of anger for an injury that is past.

I feel no anger—you have done me no injury."

Here many of the little boys looked timidly up at the windows.

"Yes; I see that you have broken my windows; that is a small evil."

"O, sir, how good!—how merciful!" exclaimed those who had been most panic-struck—"he forgives us!"

"Stay," resumed Dr. Middleton, "I cannot forgive you—I shall never revenge, but it is my duty to punish.—You have rebelled against the just authority which is necessary to conduct and govern you, whilst you have not sufficient reason to govern and conduct yourselves.—Without obedience to your master, as children, you cannot be educated. Without obedience to the laws," added he, turning to Archer, "as men you cannot be suffered in society.—You

sir, think yourself a man, I observe; and you think it a part of a man, not to submit to the will of another. I have no pleasure in making others, whether men or children, submit to my *will;* but my reason and experience are superior to yours—your parents at least think so, or they would not have intrusted me with the care of your education. As long as they do intrust you to my care, and as long as I have any hopes of making you wiser and better by punishment, I shall steadily inflict it, whenever I judge it to be necessary, and I judge it to be necessary *now.* This is a long sermon, Mr. Archer, not preached to show my own eloquence, but to convince your understanding. Now, as to your punishment!"

"Name it, sir," said Archer; "what-

ever it is, I will cheerfully submit to it."

"Name it yourself," said Dr. Middleton, "and show me, that you now understand the nature of punishment."

Archer, proud to be treated like a reasonable creature, and sorry that he had behaved like a foolish school-boy, was silent for some time, but at length replied, that he would rather not name his own punishment. He repeated, however, that he trusted he should bear it well, whatever it might be.

"I shall then," said Dr. Middleton, "deprive you, for two months, of pocket money, as you have had too much, and have made a bad use of it."

"Sir," said Archer, "I brought

five guineas with me to school—this guinea is all that I have left."

Dr. Middleton received the guinea which Archer offered him, with a look of approbation; and told him that it should be applied to the repairs of the school-room. The rest of he boys waited in silence for the doctor's sentence against them; but not with those looks of abject fear, with which boys usually expect the sentence of a schoolmaster.

"You shall return from the playground, all of you," said Dr. Middleton, "one quarter of an hour sooner, for two months to come, than the rest of your companions. A bell shall ring at the appointed time. I give you an opportunity of recovering my confidence by your punctuality."

"O, sir, we will come the instant,

the very instant the bell rings—you shall have confidence in us," cried they, eagerly.

"I deserve your confidence, I hope," said Dr. Middleton, "for it is my first wish to make you all happy.—You do not know the pain that it has cost me, to deprive you of food for so many hours."

Here the boys, with one accord, ran to the place where they had deposited their last supplies.—Archer delivered them up to the doctor, proud to show, that they were not reduced to obedience merely by necessity.

"The reason," resumed Dr. Middleton, having now returned to the usual benignity of his manner,—"The reason why I desired that none of you should go to that building (pointing out of the window), was this: I had been inform-

ed, that a gang of gipsies had slept there the night before I spoke to you, one of whom was dangerously ill of a putrid fever. I did not choose to mention my reason to you at that time, for fear of alarming you or your friends. I have had the place cleaned, and you may return to it when you please. The gipsies were yesterday removed from the town."

"De Grey, you were in the right," whispered Archer, "and it was I that was *unjust*."

"The old woman," continued the doctor, "whom you employed to buy food, has escaped the fever, but she has not escaped a gaol, whither she was sent yesterday, for having defrauded you of your money.

"Mr. Fisher," said Doctor Middleton, "as to you, I shall not punish

you!—I have no hope of making you either wiser or better.—Do you know this paper?"

The paper appeared to be a bill for candles and a tinder-box.

"I desired him to buy those things, sir," said Archer, colouring.

"And did you desire him not to pay for them?"

"No," said Archer, "he had half a crown on purpose to pay for them."

"I know he had; but he chose to apply it to his own private use, and gave it to the gipsy, to buy twelve buns for his own eating. To obtain credit for the tinder-box and candles, he made use of *this* name," said he, turning to the other side of the bill, and pointing to De Grey's name, which was written at the end of a copy of one of De Grey's exercises.

"I assure you, sir, cried Archer——

"You need not assure me, sir," said Dr. Middleton; "I cannot suspect a boy of your temper of having any part in so base an action.—When the people in the shop refused to let Mr. Fisher have the things without paying for them, he made use of De Grey's name, who was known there. Suspecting some mischief, however, from the purchase of the tinder-box, the shopkeeper informed me of the circumstance. Nothing in this whole business gave me half so much pain, as I felt for a moment, when I suspected that De Grey was concerned in it."

A loud cry, in which Archer's voice was heard most distinctly, declared De Grey's innocence. Dr. Middleton looked round at their eager, honest faces, with benevolent approbation.

"Archer," said he, taking him by the hand, "I am heartily glad to see that you have gotten the better of your party-spirit—I wish you may keep such a friend as you have now beside you.—One such friend is worth two such parties.

"As for you, Mr. Fisher—depart—you must never return hither again."

In vain he solicited Archer and De Grey to intercede for him. Every body turned away with contempt, and he sneaked out, whimpering in a doleful voice—"What shall I say to my aunt Barbara?"

Extract from the Courier, May, 1799.

"ETON MONTEM.

"YESTERDAY this triennial ceremony took place, with which the public are too well acquainted, to require a particular description. A collection, called *Salt*, is taken from the public, which forms a purse, to support the Captain of the School in his studies at Cambridge. This collection is made by the scholars, dressed in fancy dresses, all round the country.

"At eleven o'clock, the youths being assembled in their habiliments at the College, the Royal Family set off from the Castle to see them, and, after walking round the Court Yard, they proceeded to Salt Hill in the following order:—

"His Majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Earl of Uxbridge.

"Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, Earl Morton, and General Gwynne, all on horseback, dressed in the Windsor uniform, except the Prince of Wales, who wore a suit of dark blue, and a brown surtout over.

"Then followed the Scholars, preceded by the Marechal Serjeants, the Musicians of the Staffordshire Band, and Mr. Ford, Captain of the Seminary, the Serjeant Major, Serjeants, Colonels, Corporals, Musicians, Ensign, Lieutenant, Steward, Salt Bearers, Polemen, and Runners.

"The cavalcade being brought up by Her Majesty and her amiable daughters in two carriages, and a numerous company of equestrians and pedestrians, all eager to behold their Sovereign and his family. Among the former, Lady Lade was foremost in the throng; only two others dared venture their persons on horseback in such a multitude.

"The King and Royal Family were stopped on Eton Bridge by Messrs. Yonge and Mansfield, the Salt Bearers, to whom their Majesties delivered their customary donation of fifty guineas each.

"At Salt Hill, his Majesty, with his usual affability, took upon himself to arrange the procession round the Royal carriages; and even when the horses were taken off, with the assistance of the Duke of Kent, fastened the traces round the pole of the coaches, to prevent any inconvenience.

"An exceeding heavy shower of rain coming on, the Prince took leave, and went to the Windmill Inn, till it subsided. The King and his attendants weathered it out in their great coats.

"After the young gentlemen had walked round the carriage, Ensign Vince, and the Salt Bearers, proceeded to the summit of the hill, but the wind being boisterous, he could not exhibit his dexterity in displaying his flag, and the space being too small before the carriages, from the concourse of spectators, the King kindly acquiesced in not having it displayed under such inconvenience.

"Their Majesties and the Princesses then returned home, the King occasionally stopping to converse with the Dean of Windsor, the Earl of Harrington, and other Noblemen.

"The Scholars partook of an elegant dinner at the Windmill Inn, and in the evening walked on Windsor Terrace.

"Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cumberland, after taking leave of their Majesties, set off for town, and honoured the Opera House with their presence in the evening.

"The profit arising from the Salt collected, according to account, amounted to above 800*l*.

"The Stadtholder, the Duke of Gordon, Lord and Lady Melbourne, Viscount Brome, and a numerous train of fashionable Nobility, were present.

"The following is an account of their dresses, made as usual very handsomely by Mrs. Snow, milliner, of Windsor:

"Mr. Ford, Captain, with eight Gentlemen to attend him as servitors.

"Mr. Sergeant, Marechal.

"Mr. Bradrith, Colonel.

"Mr. Plumtree, Lieutenant.

"Mr. Vince, Ensign.

"Mr. Young, College Salt Bearer; white and gold dress, rich satin bag, covered with gold netting.

"Mr. Mansfield, Oppident, white, purple, and orange dress trimmed with silver; rich satin bag, purple and silver; each carrying elegant poles, with gold and silver cord.

"Mr. Keity, yellow and black velvet, helmet trimmed with silver.

"Mr. Bartelot, plain mantle and sandals, Scotch bonnet, a very Douglas.

"Mr. Knapp, flesh-colour and blue; Spanish hat and feathers.

"Mr. Ripley, rose-colour; helmet.

"Mr. Islip (being in mourning), a scarf; helmet, black velvet, and white satin.

"Mr. Tomkins, violet and silver; helmet.

"Mr. Thackery, lilac and silver; Roman cap.

"Mr. Drury, Mazarin blue; fancy cap.

"Mr. Davis, slate-colour and straw.

"Mr. Routh, pink and silver; Spanish hat.

"Mr. Curtis, purple; fancy cap.

"Mr. Lloyd, blue; ditto.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Royal Family returned to Windsor, and the boys were all sumptuously entertained at the tavern, at Salt Hill. About six in the evening all the boys returned in the order of procession, and marching round the great square of Eton, were dismissed. The captain then paid his respects to the Royal Family, at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, previous to his departure for King's College,

Cambridge, to defray which expence the produce of the Montem was presented to him.

"The day concluded by a brilliant promenade of beauty, rank, and fashion, on Windsor Terrace, enlivened by the performance of several bands of music.

"The origin of the procession is from the custom by which the Manor was held.

"The custom of hunting the Ram belonged to Eton College, as well as the custom of Salt, but it was discontinued by Dr. Cook, late Dean of Ely. Now this custom we know to have been entered on the register of the Royal Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, as one belonging to the Manor of East or Great Wrotham, in Norfolk, given by Ralph de Toni to the Abbey of Bec, and was as follows:—When the harvest was finished, the tenants were to have half an acre of barley, and a ram let loose, and if they caught him, he was their own to make merry with, but if he escaped from them, he was the lord's. The Etonians, in order to secure the ram, houghed him in the Irish fashion, and then attacked him with great clubs. The cruelty of this proceeding brought it into disuse, and

now it exists no longer.'—*See the Register of the Royal Abbey of Bec, folio 58.*

"After the dissolution of the alien priories, in 1414, by the Parliament of Leicester, they remained in the Crown till Henry VI., who gave Wrotham Manor to Eton College; and if the Eton Fellows would search, they would perhaps find the Manor in their possession, that was held by the custom of Salt."

MEN.

Alderman Bursal, Father of young Bursal.

Lord John, Talbot, Wheeler, Bursal, Rory O'Ryan,	young Gentlemen of Eton from 17 to 19 years of age.

Mr. Newington, Landlord of the Inn at Salt Hill.
Farmer Hearty.
A Waiter, and Crowd of Eton Lads.

WOMEN.

The Marchioness of Piercefield, Mother of Lord John.
Lady Violetta—her Daughter—a Child of six or seven years old.
Mrs. Talbot.
Louisa Talbot, her Daughter.
Miss Bursal, Daughter to the Alderman.
Mrs. Newington, Landlady of the Inn at Salt Hill.
Sally, a Chambermaid.
Patty, a Country Girl.
Pipe and Tabor, and Dance of Peasants.

ETON MONTEM.

SCENE I.

The Bar of the Windmill Inn, at Salt Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Newington, the Landlord and Landlady.

Landlady. 'Tis an unpossibility, Mr. Newington, and that's enough. Say no more about it: 'tis an unpossibility in the *natur* of things. (*She ranges jellies, &c. in the Bar.*) And pray, do take your great old-fashioned tankard, Mr. Newington, from among my jellies and confectionaries.

Landlord. (*takes his tankard and drinks*) Any thing for a quiet life. If it is an unpossibility, I've no more to say; only, for the soul of me, I can't see the great unpossibility, wife.

Landlady. Wife, indeed!—Wife! —wife!—wife every minute.

Landlord. Hey day! Why, what a plague would you have me call you? The other day you quarrelled with me for calling you Mrs. Landlady.

Landlady. To be sure I did, and very proper in me I should. I've turned off three waiters and five chamber-maids already, for screaming after me *Mrs. Landlady! Mrs. Landlady!* But 'tis all your ill manners.

Landlord. Ill manners! Why, if I may be so bold, if you are not Mrs. Landlady, in the name of wonder what are you?

Landlady. *Mrs. Newington*, Mr. Newington.

Landlord. (*drinks*) Mrs. Newington, Mr. Newington drinks your health; for, I suppose, I must not be landlord no more in my own house. (*shrugs.*)

Landlady. O, as to that, I have no objections nor impediments to your being called *Landlord:* you look it and become it—very proper.

Landlord. Why, yes, indeed, thank my tankard, I do look it, and become it, and am nowise ashamed of it: but every one to their mind, as you, wife, don't fancy the being called Mrs. Landlady.

Landlady. To be sure I don't. Why, when folks hear the old-fashioned cry of Mrs. Landlady! Mrs. Landlady! what do they expect, think you, to see, but an overgrown, fat, feather-bed of a woman, coming waddling along with her thumbs sticking on each side of her apron, o' this fashion? Now, to see me coming, nobody would take me to be a landlady!

Landlord. Very true, indeed, wife—Mrs. Newington, I mean—I ask pardon;

—but now to go on with what we were saying about the unpossibility of letting that old lady and the civil-spoken young lady there above, have them there rooms for another day.

Landlady. Now, Mr. Newington, let me hear no more about that old gentlewoman, and that civil-spoken young lady. Fair words cost nothing; and I've a notion that's the cause they are so plenty with the young lady. Neither o' them, I take it, by what they've ordered since their coming into the house, are such grand folk, that one need be so *petticlar* about them.

Landlord. Why, they came only in a chaise and pair, to be sure; I can't deny that.

Landlady. But, bless my stars! what signifies talking? Don't you know, as well as I do, Mr. Newington, that to-

morrow is Eton Montem; and that if we had twenty times as many rooms, and as many more to the back of them, it would not be one too many for all the company we've a right to expect, and those the highest quality o' the land? Nay, what do I talk of to-morrow? isn't my Lady Piercefield and suite expected? and moreover, Mr. and Miss Bursal's to be here, and will call for as much in an hour as your civil-spoken young lady in a twelvemonth, I reckon. So, Mr. Newington, if you don't think proper to go up, and inform the ladies above, that the Dolphin rooms are not for them, I must *speak* myself, though 'tis a thing I never do when I can help it.

Landlord. (*aside*) She not like to speak! (*aloud*) My dear, you can speak a power better than I can: so

take it all upon yourself, if you please: for, old-fashioned as I and my tankard here be, I can't make a speech that borders on the uncivil order to a lady, like, for the life and lungs of me. So, in the name of goodness, do you go up, Mrs. Newington.

Landlady. And so I will, Mr. Newington. Help ye! Civilities and rarities are out o' season for them that can't pay for them in this world, and very proper. [*Exit Landlady*.

Landlord. And very proper! Ha! who comes yonder? The Eton chap, who wheedled me into lending him my best hunter last year, and was the ruination of him: but that must be paid for, wheedle or no wheedle; and, for the matter of wheedling, I'd stake this here Mr. Wheeler, that is making up

to me, do you' see, against e'er a boy, man, or hobbledehoy, in all Eton, London, or Christendom, let the other be who he will.

Enter Wheeler.

Wheel. A fine day, Mr. Newington.

Landlord. A fine day, Mr. Wheeler.

Wheel. And I hope, for *your* sake, we may have as fine a day for the Montem to-morrow. It will be a pretty penny in your pocket! Why, all the world will be here; and (*looking round at the jellies, &c.*) so much the better for them; for here are good things enough, and enough for them. And here's the best thing of all, the good old tankard still: not empty, I hope.

Landlord. Not empty, I hope. Here's to you, Mr. Wheeler.

Wheel. *Mr.* Wheeler! — *Captain* Wheeler, if you please.

Landlord. *You* Captain Wheeler! —Why, I thought in former times it was always the oldest scholar at Eton, that was captain at the Montems; and didn't Mr. Talbot come afore you?

Wheel. Not at all; we came on the same day—some say I came first—some say Talbot; so the choice of which of us two is to be captain, is to be put to the vote amongst the lads—most votes carry it; and I have most votes, I fancy; so I shall be captain to-morrow; and a pretty deal of *salt**, I reckon, I shall pocket. Why, the collection at the last Montem, they say, came to a plump thousand! No bad thing for a young fellow to set out with for Oxford or Cambridge—Hey?

* *Salt*, the *cant* name given by the Eton lads to the money collected at Montem.

Landlord. And no bad thing, before he sets out for Cambridge or Oxford, 'twould be for a young gentleman to pay his debts.

Wheel. Debts! O, time enough for that. I've a little account with you for horses, I know; but that's between you and I, you know—mum.

Landlord. Mum me no mums, Mr. Wheeler. Between you and I, my best hunter has been ruinationed; and I can't afford to be mum. So you'll take no offence if I speak; and as you'll set off to-morrow as soon as the Montem's over, you'll be pleased to settle it with me some way or other to-day, as we've no other time.

Wheel. No time so proper, certainly. Where's the little account?—I have money sent me for my Montem dress, and I can squeeze that much out

of it. I came over from Eton on purpose to settle with you. But as to the hunter, you must call upon Talbot—do you understand?—to pay for him: for, though Talbot and I had him the same day, 'twas Talbot did for him, and Talbot must pay. I spoke to him about it, and charged him to remember you; for I never forget to speak a good word for my friends.

Landlord. So I perceive.

Wheel. I'll make bold, just to give you my opinion of these jellies, whilst you are getting my account, Mr. Newington.

[*He swallows down a jelly or two—Landlord is going—*

Enter Talbot.

Talb. Hollo, landlord! where are you making off so fast? Here, your jellies are all going as fast as yourself.

Wheeler. (*aside*) Talbot!—I wish I was a hundred miles off.

Landlord. You are heartily welcome, Mr. Talbot. A good morning to you, sir: I'm glad to see you—very glad to see you, Mr. Talbot.

Talb. Then shake hands, my honest landlord.

[*Talbot, in shaking hands with him, puts a purse into the landlord's hands.*

Landlord. What's here? Guineas!

Talb. The hunter, you know; since Wheeler won't pay, I must—that's all. —Good morning.

Wheel. (*aside*) What a fool!

[*Landlord, as Talbot is going, catches hold of his coat.*

Landlord. Hold, Mr. Talbot! this won't do.

Talb. Won't it? Well, then, my watch must go.

Landlord. Nay, nay! but you are in such a hurry to pay; you won't hear a man. Half this is enough for your share o' the mischief, in all conscience. Mr. Wheeler, there, had the horse on the same day.

Wheel. But Bursal's my witness—

Talb. O, say no more about witnesses; a man's conscience is always his best witness, or his worst.—Landlord, take your money; and no more words.

Wheel. This is very genteel of you, Talbot. I always thought you would do the genteel thing, as I knew you to be so generous and considerate.

Talb. Don't waste your fine speeches, Wheeler, I advise you, this election-time. Keep them for Bursal, or Lord John, or some of those who like them. They

won't go down with *me*. Good morning to you. I give you notice I'm going back to Eton as fast as I can gallop: and who knows what plain-speaking may do with the Eton lads? I may be captain yet, Wheeler. Have a care! Is my horse ready, there?

Landlord. Mr Talbot's horse, there! Mr. Talbot's horse, I say.

Talbot sings.

" He carries weight—he rides a race—
" 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

[*Exit Talbot.*

Wheel. And, dear me! I shall be left behind. A horse for me, pray; a horse for Mr. Wheeler!

[*Exit Wheeler.*

Landlord. (*calls very loud*) Mr. Talbot's horse! Hang the hostler! I'll saddle him myself.

[*Exit Landlord.*

SCENE.

A Dining-room in the Inn at Salt Hill—
Mrs. Talbot and Louisa.

Louisa. (*laughing*) With what an air Mrs. Landlady made her exit!

Mrs. Talb. When I was young, they say I was proud; but I am humble enough now: these petty mortifications do not vex me.

Louisa. It is well my brother was gone before Mrs. Landlady made her *entrée;* for if he had heard her rude speech, he would have given her, at least, the retort courteous.

Mrs. Talb. Now tell me honestly, my Louisa——You were, a few days ago, at Bursal House. Since you have left it, and have felt something of the difference that is made in this world be-

tween splendour and no splendour, have you never regretted that you did not stay there, and that you did not bear more patiently with Miss Bursal's little airs?

Louisa. Never for a moment. At first Miss Bursal paid me a vast deal of attention, but, for what reason I know not, she suddenly changed her manner, grew first strangely cold, then condescendingly familiar, and at last downright rude. I could not guess the cause of these variations.

Mrs. Talb. (*aside*) I guess the cause too well.

Louisa. But as I perceived the lady was out of tune, I was in haste to leave her. I should make a very bad, and, I am sure, a very miserable toad-eater. I had much rather, if I were obliged to

choose, earn my own bread, than live as toad-eater with any body.

Mrs. Talb. Fine talking, dear Louisa!

Louisa. Don't you believe me to be in earnest, mother? To be sure, you cannot know what I would do, unless I were put to the trial.

Mrs. Talb. Nor you either, my dear.

[*She sighs, and is silent.*

Louisa. (*takes her mother's hand*) What is the matter, dear mother? You used to say, that seeing my brother always made you feel ten years younger, yet even whilst he was here, you had, in spite of all your efforts to conceal them, these sudden fits of sadness.

Mrs. Talb. The Montem—is not it to-morrow? Aye; but my boy is not sure of being captain.

Louisa. No, there is one Wheeler, who, as he says, is most likely to be chosen captain. He has taken prodigious pains to flatter and win over many to his interest. My brother does not so much care about it. He is not avaricious.

Mrs. Talb. I love your generous spirit and his; but, alas! my dear, people may live to want and wish for money without being avaricious. I would not say a word to Talbot; full of spirits as he was this morning, I would not say a word to him, till after the Montem, of what has happened.

Louisa. And what has happened, dear mother? Sit down; you tremble.

Mrs. Talbot. (*sits down, and puts a letter into Louisa's hand*) Read that love. A messenger brought me th from town a few hours ago.

Louisa. (*reads*) " By an express fom

Portsmouth, we hear the Bombay Castle East Indiaman is lost, with all your fortune on board."—*All!* I hope there is something left for you to live upon.

Mrs. Talb. About 150*l.* a year for us all.

Louisa. That is enough, is not it, for *you?*

Mrs. Talb. For me, love? I am an old woman, and want but little in this world, and shall be soon out of it.

Louisa. (*kneels down beside her*) Do not speak so, dearest mother.

Mrs. Talb. Enough for me, love! Yes, enough, and too much for me. I am not thinking of myself.

Louisa. Then, as to my brother, he has such abilities, and such industry, he will make a fortune at the bar for himself, most certainly.

Mrs. Talb. But his education is not completed. How shall we provide him with money at Cambridge?

Louisa. This Montem—the last time the Captain had eight hundred—the time before, a thousand pounds. O, I hope—I fear! Now, indeed, I know, that, without being avaricious, we may want and wish for money.

[*Landlady's voice heard behind the scenes.*

Landlady. Waiter! Miss Bursal's curricle, and Mr. Bursal's vis-a-vis.—Run, see that the Dolphin's empty. I say run—run.

Mrs. Talb. I will rest, for a few minutes, upon the sofa, in this bed-chamber, before we set off.

Louisa. (*goes to open the door*) They have bolted, or locked it. How unlucky!

[*She turns the key, and tries to unlock the door.*

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Ladies, I'm sorry—Miss Bursal and Mr. Bursal are come—just coming up stairs.

Mrs. Talb. Then will you be so good, sir, as to unlock this door?

[*Waiter tries to unlock the door.*

Waiter. It must be bolted on the inside. Chambermaid! Sally! Are you within there? Unbolt this door.

[*Mr. Bursal's voice behind the scenes.* Let me have a basin of good soup directly.

Waiter. I'll go round, and have the door unbolted immediately, ladies.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Miss Bursal, in a riding-dress, and with a long whip.

Miss Burs. Those creatures, the ponies, have a'most pulled my '*and* off.—

Who *'ave* we *'ere?* Ha! Mrs. Talbot! Louisa! *'ow* are ye? I'm so vastly glad to see you:—but I'm so shocked to *'ear* of the loss of the Bombay Castle. Mrs. Talbot, you look but poorly: but this Montem will put every body in spirits. I'*ear* every body's to be *'ere*, and my brother tells me 'twill be the finest ever seen at *H'*Eton.—Louisa, my dear, I'm sorry I've not a seat for you in my curricle for to-morrow: but I've promised Lady Betty; so you know, 'tis impossible for me.

Louisa. Certainly; and it would be impossible for me to leave my mother at present.

Chambermaid. (*opens the bed-chamber door*) The room's ready now, ladies.

Mrs. Talb. Miss Bursal—we intrude upon you no longer.

Miss Burs. Nay, why do ye de-

camp, Mrs. Talbot? I *'ad* a thousand things to say to you, Louisa; but am so tired, and so annoyed——

[*Seats herself—Exeunt Mrs. Talbot, Louisa, and Chambermaid.*

Enter Mr. Bursal with a basin of soup in his hand.

Mr. Burs. Well, thank my stars, the Airly Castle is safe in the Downs.

Miss Burs. Mr. Bursal, can you inform me why Joe, my groom, does not make his appearance?

Mr. Burs. (*eating and speaking*) Yes, that I can—child—because he is with his *'orses*, where he ought to be. 'Tis fit they should be looked after well; for they cost me a pretty penny—more than their heads are worth, and yours into the bargain: but I was resolved, as we were to come to this Montem, to come in style.

Miss Burs. In style, to be sure; for all the world's to be here—the King, and Prince o'W*h*ales, and Duke o'York, and all the first people; and we shall cut such a dash!—Dash!—dash! will be the word to-morrow!—(*playing with her whip.*)

Mr. Burs. (*aside*) Dash!—Dash!—aye, just like her brother. He'll pay away, finely, I warrant, by the time he's her age. Well, well, he can afford it; and I do love to see my children make a figure for their money. As Jack Bursal says, what's money for, if it e'nt to make a figure.—(*aloud.*) There's your brother Jack, now, the extravagant dog, he'll have such a dress as never was seen, I suppose, at this here Montem. Why, now, Jack Bursal spends more money at Eton, and has more to spend, than my

Lord John, though my Lord John's the son of a marchioness.

Miss Burs. O! that makes no difference now-a-days. I wonder whether her ladyship is to be at this Montem. The only good I *h*ever got out of those stupid Talbots was an introduction to their friend, Lady Piercefield. What she could find to like in the Talbots, heaven knows. I've a notion she'll drop them, when she hears of the loss of *the Bombay Castle.*

Enter a waiter, with a note.

Waiter. A note from my lady Piercefield, sir.

Miss B. Charming woman! Is she here, pray sir?

Wait. Just come—yes, ma'am.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Miss B. Well, Mr. Bursal, what is it?

Mr. B. (*reads*) "Business of importance — to communicate —" Hum — What can it be?—(*going.*)

Miss B. (*aside*) Perhaps some match to propose for me!—(*aloud*) Mr. Bursal, pray, before you go to her ladyship, do send my *ooman* to me to make me *presentable.*

[*Exit Miss Bursal at one door.*

Mr. B. (*at the opposite door*) "Business of importance!"—Hum! I'm glad I'm prepared with a good basin of soup: there's no doing business well upon an empty stomach. Perhaps the business is to lend cash; and I've no great stomach for that: but it will be an honour, to be sure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

Landlady's parlour.

Landlady—Mr. Finsbury, a man-milliner, with band-boxes—a fancy-cap, or helmet with feathers, in the Landlady's hand—a satin bag, covered with gold netting, in the man-milliner's hand—a mantle hanging over his arm—a rough-looking Farmer is sitting with his back towards them, eating bread and cheese, and reading a newspaper.

Landlady. Well, this, to be sure, will be the best dressed Montem that ever was seen at Eton; and you Lon'on gentlemen have the most fashionablest notions: and this is the most elegantest fancy-cap—

Fins. Why, as you observe, ma'm, that is the most elegant fancy-cap of them all. That is Mr. Hector Hogmorton's fancy-cap, ma'm;—and here, ma'm, is Mr. Saul's rich satin bag, covered with gold net. He is college

salt-bearer, I understand, and has a prodigious superb white and gold dress. But, in my humble opinion, ma'm, the marshal's white, and purple, and orange fancy dress, trimmed with silver, will bear the bell; though, indeed, I shoudn't say that; for the colonel's and lieutenant's, and ensign's, are beautiful in the extreme. And, to be sure, nothing can be better imagined than Mr. Marlborough's lilac and silver, with a Roman cap. And it must be allowed, that nothing in nature can have a better effect than Mr. Drake's flesh colour and blue, with this Spanish hat, ma'm, you see.

[*The Farmer looks over his shoulder from time to time, during this speech, with contempt.*

Farmer. (*reads the newspaper*) French fleet at sea—Hum!

Landlady. O, gemini! Mr. Drake's Spanish hat is the sweetest, tasty thing! —Mr. Finsbury, I protest——

Fins. Why, *ma'm*, I knew a lady of your taste couldn't but approve of it. My own invention, entirely, ma'm. — But it's nothing to the captain's cap, ma'm.—Indeed, ma'm, Mr. Wheeler, the captain that is to be, has the prettiest taste in dress. To be sure, his sandals were my suggestion; but the mantle he has the entire credit of, to do him justice; and, when you see it, ma'm, you will be really surprised; for, for contrast, and elegance, and richness, and lightness, and propriety, and effect, and costume, you've never yet seen any thing at all to be compared to Captain Wheeler's mantle, ma'm.

Farmer. (*to the Landlady*) Why now, pray, Mrs. Landlady, how long

may it have been the fashion for milliners to go about in men's clothes?

Landlady. (*aside to Farmer*) Lord, Mr. Hearty, hush! This is Mr. Finsbury, the great man-milliner.

Farm. The great man-milliner! This is a sight I never thought to see in old England.

Fins. (*packing up band-boxes*) Well, ma'm, I'm glad I have your approbation. It has ever been my study to please the ladies.

Farm. (*throws a fancy mantle over his freize coat*) And is this the way to please the ladies, Mrs. Landlady, now-a-days?

Fins. (*taking off the mantle*) Sir, with your leave—I ask pardon—but the least thing detriments these tender colours; and as you have just been eating cheese with your hands—

Farm. 'Tis my way to eat cheese with my mouth, man.

Fins. Man!

Farm. I ask pardon—man-milliner, I mean.

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. Why, wife!

Landlady. Wife!

Landlord. I ask pardon—Mrs. Newington, I mean.—Do you know who them ladies are, that you have been and turned out of the Dolphin?

Landlady. (*alarmed*) Not I, indeed. Who are they, pray? Why, if they are quality, it's no fault of mine; it is their own fault, for coming like scrubs, without four horses. Why, if quality will travel the road this way, incognito, how can they expect to be known and treated as quality! 'Tis no fault of mine: why didn't you find out sooner who they

were, Mr. Newington? What else, in the 'versal world, have you to do, but to go basking about in the yards and places with your tankard in your hand, from morning to night?—What have you else to ruminate all day long, but to find out who's who, I say?

Farm. Clapper!—clapper!—clapper! like my mill in a high wind, Landlord. Clapper!—clapper!—clapper!—enough to stun a body.

Landlord. That is not used to it;—but use is all, they say.

Landlady. Will you answer me, Mr. Newington? Who are the grandees that were in the Dolphin?—and what's become *on* them?

Landlord. Grandees was your own word, wife. They be not to call grandees; but I reckon you'd be sorry not to treat 'em civil, when I tell you their name

is Talbot—mother and sister to our young Talbot, of Eton, he that paid me so handsome for the hunter this very morning.

Landlady. Mercy! is that all? What a combustion for nothing in life!

Fins. For nothing in life, as you say, ma'm, that is, nothing in high life, I'm sure, ma'am, nay, I dare a'most venture to swear: for, would you believe it, Mr. Talbot is one of the few young gentlemen of Eton, that has not bespoke from me a fancy-dress for this grand Montem.

Landlady. There, Mr. Newington! there's your Mr. Talbot for you! and there's your grandees! O, trust me, I know your scrubs at first sight.

Landlord. Scrubs, I don't, nor can't, nor won't call them, that pay their debts honest.—Scrubs, I don't, nor won't, nor can't call them, that behave as hand-

some as young Mr. Talbot did here to me this morning, about the hunter. A scrub he is not, wife.—Fancy-dress or no fancy-dress, Mr. Finsbury, this young gentleman is no scrub.

Fins. Dear me! 'Twas not I said *scrub.* Did I say scrub?

Farm. No matter if you did.

Fins. No matter, certainly: and yet it is a matter; for I'm confident I wouldn't, for the world, leave it in any one's power, to say, that I said—that I —called any young gentleman of Eton a *scrub.* Why, you know, sir, it might breed a riot.

Farm. And a pretty figure you'd make in a riot!

Landlady. Pray let me hear nothing about riots in my house.

Farm. Nor about scrubs.

Fins. But I beg leave to explain, gentlemen. All I ventured to remark

or suggest, was, that as there was some talk of Mr. Talbot's being captain to-morrow, I didn't conceive how he could well appear without any dress. That was all, upon my word and honour.—A good morning to you, gentlemen; it is time for me to be off.—Mrs. Newington, you were so obliging to promise to accommodate me with a return-chaise as far as Eton.

[*Finsbury bows, and exit.*

Farm. A good day to you and your band-boxes. There's a fellow for you now! Ha! ha! ha!—A man-milliner, forsooth!

Landlord. Mrs. Talbot's coming—stand back.

Landlady. Lord! why does Bob show them through this way?

Enter Mrs. Talbot, leaning on Louisa, Waiter showing the way.

Landlady. You are going on, I suppose, ma'am.

Waiter. (*aside, to Landlord*) Not if she could help it; but there's no beds, since Mr. Bursal and Miss Bursal's come.

Landlord. I say nothing, for 'tis in vain to say more.—But isn't it a pity she can't stay for the Montem, poor old lady? Her son—as good and fine a lad as ever you saw—they say, has a chance, too, of being captain. She may never live to see another such a sight.

[*As Mrs. Talbot walks slowly on, the Farmer puts himself across her way, so as to stop her short.*

Farm. No offence, madam, I hope; but I have a good snug farm-house, not far off hand, and if so be you'd be so good to take a night's lodging, you and the young lady with you, you'd have a hearty welcome—that's all I can say—and you'd make my wife very happy,

for she's a good woman, to say nothing of myself.

Landlord. If I may be so bold to put in my word, madam, you'd have as good beds, and be as well lodged with Farmer Hearty, as in e'er a house at Salt Hill.

Mrs. Talb. I am very much obliged—

Farm. O, say nothing o' that, madam; I am sure I shall be as much obliged, if you do come.—Do, miss, speak for me.

Louisa. Pray, dear mother——

Farm. She will. (*calls behind the scenes*) Here, waiter! hostler! driver! what's your name, drive the chaise up here to the door, smart, close.—Lean on my arm, madam, and we'll have you in and at home in a whiff.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Talbot, Louisa, Farmer, Landlord, and Waiter.*

Landlady sola.

What a noise and a rout this farmer man makes!—and my husband, with his great broad face, bowing, as great a nincompoop as tother. The folks are all betwitched with the old woman, I verily believe. (*aloud*) A good morning to you, ladies.

End of the first Act.

SECOND ACT.

SCENE I.

A field near Eton College—several boys crossing backwards and forwards in the back ground—In front, Talbot, Wheeler, Lord John, and Bursal.

Talb. Fair play, Wheeler! Have at 'em, my boy!—There they stand, fair game!—There's Bursal there with his

dead forty-five votes at command: and Lord John with his—how many live friends?

Lord J. (*coolly*) Sir, I have fifty-six friends, I believe.

Talb. Fifty-six friends, his Lordship believes—Wheeler inclusive, no doubt.

Lord J. That's as hereafter may be.

Wheel. Hereafter! O, fie, my *Lud!*—You know your own Wheeler has, from the first minute he ever saw you, been your fast friend.

Talb. Your fast friend from the first minute he ever saw you, my Lord! That's well hit, Wheeler; stick to that; stick fast—Fifty-six friends, Wheeler *in*clusive, hey, my Lord, hey, my *Lud!*

Lord J. Talbot, *ex*clusive, I find, contrary to my expectations.

Talb. Aye, contrary to your expectations, you find that Talbot is not a dog

that will lick the dust: but then, there's enough of the true spaniel breed to be had for whistling for, hey, Wheeler?

Bursal. (*aside to Wheeler*) A d——d bad electioneerer!—So much the better for you, Wheeler. Why, unless he bought a vote, he'd never win one, if he talked from this to the day of judgment.

Wheeler. (*aside to Bursal*) And as he has no money to buy votes—he! he! he!—we are safe enough.

Talb. That's well done, Wheeler; fight the by-battle there with Bursal; now you are sure of the main with Lord John.

Lord J. Sure! I never made Mr. Wheeler any promise yet.

Wheel. O, I ask no promise from his Lordship: we are upon honour: I trust entirely to his Lordship's good-nature

and generosity, and to his regard for his own family, I having the honour, though distantly, to be related.

Lord J. Related!—How, Wheeler?

Wheel. Connected, I mean, which is next door, as I may say, to being related—related slipt out by mistake—I beg pardon, my Lord John.

Lord J. Related!—A strange mistake, Wheeler.

Talb. Overshot yourself, Wheeler—overshot yourself, by all that's awkward. And yet, till now, I always took you for "*a dead shot at a yellow hammer.*"*

Wheeler. (*taking Bursal by the arm*) Bursal, a word with you—(*aside to Bur-*

* Young noblemen at Oxford wear yellow tufts at the tops of their caps. Hence their flatterers are said to be dead shots at yellow-hammers.

sal) What a lump of family pride that Lord John is!

Talb. Keep out of my hearing, Wheeler, lest I should spoil sport. But never fear, you'll please Bursal sooner than I shall—I can't, for the soul of me, bring myself to say, that Bursal's not purse-proud, and you can—Give you joy!—

Burs. A choice electioneerer! Ha! ha! ha!

Wheel. (*faintly*) He! he! he!—a choice electioneerer, as you say—

[*Exeunt Wheeler and Bursal, manent Lord J. and Talbot.*

Lord J. There was a time, Talbot—

Talb. There was a time, my Lord—to save trouble and a long explanation—there was a time when you liked Talbots better than spaniels—you understand me.

Lord J. I have found it very difficult

to understand you of late, Mr. Talbot.

Talb. Yes, because you have used other people's understandings instead of your own—Be yourself, my Lord—See with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, and then you'll find me still what I've been these seven years—not your understrapper, your hanger-on, your flatterer, but—your friend!—If you choose to have me for a friend, here's my hand—I am your friend—and you'll not find a better.

Lord J. (*giving his hand*) You are a strange fellow, Talbot; I thought I never could have forgiven you for what you said last night.

Talb. What?—for I don't keep a register of my sayings—O, it was something about gaming—Wheeler was flattering your taste for it, and he put me

into a passion—I forgot what I said—But whatever it was, I'm sure it was well meant, and, I believe, it was well said.

Lord J. But you laugh at me sometimes to my face.

Talb. Would you rather I should laugh at you behind your back?

Lord J. But of all things in the world, I hate to be laughed at.—Listen to me—and don't fumble in your pockets while I am talking to you.

Talb. I'm fumbling for—O here it is—Now, Lord John, I once did laugh at you behind your back, and what's droll enough, it was *at* your back I laughed—Here's a caricatura I drew of you—I really am sorry I did it—But 'tis best to show it to you myself.

Lord J. (*aside*) It is all I can do to forgive this—(*after a pause he tears the paper*) I have heard of this cari-

catura before—but I did not expect that you would come and show it to me yourself, Talbot, so handsomely—especially at such a time as this—Wheeler might well say you are a bad electioneerer.

Talb. O hang it! I forgot my election, and your fifty-six friends.

Enter Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. (*claps Talbot on the back*) Fifty-six friends have you, Talbot?—Say seven—fifty-seven I mean, for I'll lay ye a wager you've forgot me, and that's a shame for you too, for out of the whole posse-comitatus entirely now, you have not a stauncher friend than poor little Rory O'Ryan—And a good right he has to befriend you, for you stood by him when many, that ought to have known better, were hunting him down for a wild Irishman—

Now that same wild Irishman has as much gratitude in him as any tame Englishman of them all—But don't let's be talking s*i*ntim*i*nt, for, for my share, I'd not give a bogberry a bushel for s*i*ntim*i*nt when I could get any thing better.

Lord J. And pray, sir, what may a bogberry be?

Rory. Phoo! don't be playing the innocent, now.—Where have you lived all your life (I ask pardon, my L*a*rd) not to know a bogberry when you see it, or hear of it. (*turns to Talbot*) But what are ye standing idling here for?—Sure there's Wheeler, and Bursal along with him, canvassing out yonder at a terrible fine rate. And haven't I been huzzaing for you there till I'm hoarse? so I am, and just stepped away to suck an orange for my voice (*sucks an orange*). I am a *thorough-going* friend at any rate.

Talb. Now, Rory, you are the best fellow in the world, and a *thorough-going* friend; but have a care, or you'll get yourself and me into some scrape, before you have done with this violent *thorough-going* work.

Rory. Never fear! never fear, man! —a warm *frind* and a bitter enemy, that's my maxim.

Talb. Yes, but too warm a friend is as bad as a bitter enemy.

Rory. O! never fear me! I'm as cool as a cucumber all the time; and whilst they *tink* I'm *tinking* of nothing in life but making a noise, I make my own little snug remarks in prose and verse as—now my voice is after coming back to me, you shall hear if you *plase*.

Talb. I do please.

Rory. I call it—Rory's song.—Now mind I have a verse for every body, o' th

leading lads I mean, and I shall put 'em in or *lave* 'em out according to their inclinations and deserts, *wise-a-wee* to you, my little *frind*. So you comprehend it will be Rory's song with variations.

(*Talbot and Lord John.*) Let's have it—let us have it without further preface.

Rory sings.

"I'm true game to the last, and no *Wheeler*
"for me."

Rory. There's a stroke in the first place for Wheeler, you take it.

Talb. O yes, yes, we take it; go on.

Rory sings.

"I'm true game to the last, and no Wheeler
"for me.
"Of all birds, beasts, or fishes that swim in the
"sea,
"Webbed, or finned, black or white, man or
"child, Whig or Tory,
"None but Talbot, O, Talbot's the dog for
"Rory."

Talb. Talbot the dog is much obliged to you.

Lord J. But if I have any ear, one of your lines is a foot too long, Mr. O'Ryan.

Rory. Phoo, but the best foot foremost for a *frind.* Slur it in the singing,—and don't be quarrelling any how for a foot more or less—the more feet the better it will stand, you know—Only let me go on, and you'll come to something that will *plase* you.

Rory sings.

"Then there's he with the purse that's as long
"as my arm."

Rory. That's Bursal, mind now, in this verse I mean to allude to.

Lord J. If the allusion's good, we shall probably find out your meaning.

Talb. On with you, Rory, and don't read us notes on a song.

Lord J. Go on, and let us hear what you say of Bursal.

Rory sings.

" Then there's he with the purse that's as long
" as my arm;
" His father's a tanner, but then where's the
" harm?
" Heir to houses and hunters, and horseponds
" in fee,
" Won't his skins sure soon buy him a pedigree?"

Lord J. Encore! Encore! why, Rory, I did not think you could make so good a song.

Rory. Sure 'twas none of I made it—'twas Talbot here.

Talb. I!

Rory. (*aside*) Not a word—I'll make you a present of it, sure then it's your own.

Talb. I never wrote a word of it.

Rory (to Lord J.) Phoo! phoo! he's only denying it out of false modesty.

Lord J. Well, no matter who wrote it, sing it again.

Rory. Be easy—So I will, and as many more verses as you will to the back of it. *(Winking at Talbot aside)* You shall have the credit of all. *(Aloud)* Put me in when I'm out, Talbot, and you *(to Lord John)* join—join.

(Rory sings, and Lord John sings with him.)

" Then there's he with the purse that's as long
" as my arm.
" His father's a tanner, but then where's the
" harm?
" Heir to houses and hunters, and horseponds
" in fee,
" Won't his skins sure soon buy him a pedi-
" gree?
" There's my lord with the back that never was
" bent,"

(*Lord John stops singing—Talbot makes signs to Rory to stop, but Rory does not see him, and sings on*)

"There's my lord with the back that never was
"bent,
"Let him live with his ancestors, I am content;"

(*Rory pushes Lord J. and Talbot with his elbows*)

Rory. Join, join, both of ye—why don't you join? (*sings*)

"Who'll buy my Lord John? the arch fish-
"woman cried,
"A nice oyster shut up in a choice shell of
"pride."

Rory. But join, or ye spoil all.

Talb. You have spoiled all indeed.

Lord J. (*making a formal low bow*) Mr. Talbot, Lord John thanks you.

Rory. Lord John! blood and thunder! I forgot you were by—quite and clean.

Lord J. (*puts him aside, and con-*

tinues speaking to Talbot) Lord John thanks you, Mr. Talbot—This is the second part of the caricatura—Lord John thanks you for these proofs of friendship—Lord John has reason to thank you, Mr. Talbot.

Rory. No reason in life now—Don't be thinking so much for nothing in life, or if you must be thinking o'somebody, it's me you ought to thank.

Lord J. I ought and do, sir, for unmasking one who—

Talb. (*warmly*) Unmasking, my lord—

Rory. (*holding them asunder*) Phoo! phoo! phoo! be easy, can't ye—there's no unmasking at all in the case—My Lord John, Talbot's writing the song was all a mistake.

Lord J. As much a mistake as your singing it, sir, I presume—

Rory. Just as much—'Twas all a mistake—So now don't you go and make a mistake into a misunderstanding—It was I made every word of the song *out o' the face**—that about the back that never was bent, and the ancestors and the oyster and all—He did not write a word of it; upon my conscience I wrote it all—though I'll engage you didn't think I could write such a good thing.

(*Lord John turns away*)

I'm telling you the truth and not a word of lie, yet you won't believe me.

Lord J. You will excuse me, sir, if I cannot believe two contradictory assertions within two minutes—Mr. Talbot, I thank you. (*going*)

[*Rory tries to stop Lord John from going, but cannot—Exit Lord John.*

* From beginning to end.

Rory. Well, if he *will* go, let him go then, and much good may it do him—Nay, but don't you go too.

Talb. O, Rory, what have you done?

(*Talbot runs after Lord J.*)

Talb. Hear me, my Lord. (*Exit Talbot.*)

Rory. Hear him! hear him! hear him!—Well, I'm point blank mad with myself for making this blunder—but how could I help it?—As sure as ever I am meaning to do the best thing on earth, it runs out the worst—

(*Enter a party of lads huzzaing*)

Rory. (*joins*) Huzza!—Huzza!—Who pray are ye huzzaing for?—

1st Boy. Wheeler! Wheeler for ever! Huzza—

Rory. Talbot! Talbot for ever! Huzza!—Captain Talbot for ever! Huzza!

2d Boy. *Captain* he'll never be, at

least not to-morrow, for Lord John has just declared for Wheeler.

1*st Boy*. And that turns the scale.

Rory. O, the scale may turn back again.

3*d Boy*. Impossible! Lord John has just given his *promise* to Wheeler—I heard him with my own ears.

(*Several speak at once*) And I heard him, and I—and I!—and I!—Huzza! Wheeler for ever!

Rory. Oh murder! murder! murder! (*aside*) this goes to my heart—It's all my doing—O my poor Talbot! murder! murder! murder!—But I won't let them see me cast down, and it is good to be huzzaing at all events—Huzza for Talbot!—Talbot for ever! Huzza!— [*Exit*.

(*Enter Wheeler and Bursal.*)

Wheel. Who was that huzzaing for Talbot?

[*Rory behind the scenes, "Huzza for Talbot!—Talbot for ever! Huzza!"*

Bur. Pooh, it is only Rory O'Ryan, or the roaring lion, as I call him—Ha! ha! ha! Rory O'Ryan, alias roaring lion—that's a good one—put it about, Rory O'Ryan the roaring lion, ha! ha! ha!—but you don't take it—you don't laugh, Wheeler.

Wheel. Ha! ha! ha! O, upon my honour I do laugh, ha! ha! ha! (*It is the hardest work to laugh at his wit.*) Rory O'Ryan the roaring lion, ha! ha! ha!—You know I always laugh, Bursal, at your jokes, he! he! he! ready to kill myself.

Burs. (*sullenly*) You are easily killed

then, if that much laughing will do the business.

Wheel. (*coughing*) Just then—something—stuck in my throat—I beg your pardon.

Burs. (*still sullen*) O, you need not beg my pardon about the matter—I don't care whether you laugh or no—not I—Now you have got Lord John to declare for you, you are above laughing at my jokes, I suppose.

Wheel. No; upon my word and honour I *did* laugh.

Burs. (*aside*) A fig for your word and honour. (*aloud*) I know I'm of no consequence now—But you'll remember that if his lordship has the honour of making you captain, he must have the honour to pay for your Captain's accoutrements—for I shan't pay the piper,

I promise you, since I'm of no consequence.

Wheel. Of no consequence! but, my dear Bursal, what could put that into your head—that's the strangest, oddest fancy—of no consequence! Bursal of no consequence! why every body that knows any thing, every body that has seen Bursal-house, knows that you are of the greatest consequence, my dear Bursal.

Burs. (*taking out his watch, and opening it, looks at it*) No, I'm of no consequence—I wonder that rascal Finsbury is not come yet with the dresses (*still looking at his watch*).

Wheel. (*aside*) If Bursal takes it into his head not to lend me the money to pay for my Captain's dress—What will become of me? for I have not a

shilling—and Lord John won't pay for me—and Finsbury has orders not to leave the house till he is paid by every body—What will become of me? (*bites his nails.*)

Burs. (*aside*) How I love to make him bite his nails!—(*aloud*) I know I'm of no consequence—(*strikes his repeater.*)

Wheel. What a fine repeater that is of yours, Bursal!—It is the best I ever heard.

Burs. So it well may be, for it cost a mint of money.

Wheel. No matter to you what any thing costs—Happy dog as you are! you roll in money—and yet you talk of being of no consequence.

Burs. But I am not of half so much consequence as Lord John—am I?

Wheel. Are you? why aren't you twice as rich as he?

Burs. Very true, but I'm not purse-proud.

Wheel. You purse-proud! I should never have thought of such a thing.

Burs. Nor I, if Talbot had not used the word.

Wheel. But Talbot thinks every body purse-proud that has a purse.

Burs. (*aside*) Well, this Wheeler does put one into a good humour with one's self in spite of one's teeth. (*aloud*) Talbot says blunt things, but I don't think he's what you can call clever—Hey, Wheeler?

Wheel. Clever! O, not he.

Burs. I think I could walk round him.

Wheel. To be sure you could—Why,

do you know I've *quizzed* him famously myself within this quarter of an hour?

Burs. Indeed!—I wish I had been by.

Wheel. So do I, faith—It was the best thing—I wanted, you see, to get him out of my way, that I might have the field clear for electioneering to day. —So I bowls up to him with a long face—such a face as this—Mr. Talbot, do you know—I'm sorry to tell you, here's Jack Smith has just brought the news from Salt Hill—Your mother, in getting into the carriage, slipped, and has *broke* her leg, and there she's lying at a farm-house, two miles off—Is not it true, Jack? said I—I saw the farmer helping her in with my own eyes, cried Jack—Off goes Talbot like an arrow. —*Quizzed* him, *Quizzed* him! said I.

Burs. Ha! ha! ha! quizzed him indeed, with all his cleverness—that was famously done.

Wheel. Ha! ha! ha! with all his cleverness he will be all evening hunting for the farm-house and the mother that has *broke* her leg—So he is out of our way.

Burs. But what need have you to want him out of your way, now Lord John has come over to your side—you have the thing so dead?

Wheel. Not so dead neither—for there's a great independent party, you know, and if *you* don't help me, Bursal, to canvass them, I shall be no Captain —It is you I depend upon after all —Will you come and canvass them with me?—Dear Bursal, pray—All depends upon you.

(*pulls him by the arm—Bursal follows.*)

Burs. Well, if all depends upon me, I'll see what I can do for you. (*aside*) Then I am of some consequence—money makes a man of some consequence, I see—with some folk.

SCENE.

In the back scene a flock of sheep are seen penned. In front, a party of country lads and lasses gaily dressed, as in sheep-shearing time, with ribands and garlands of flowers, &c. are dancing and singing*.

* * * * *

* The young reader is requested to insert here any song suitable to the occasion. The author tried to write one; but, as she could not write one that pleased herself, she omitted it.

Enter Patty, dressed as the Queen of the Festival—She has a lamb in her arms. The dancers break off when she comes in; and one exclaims——

1st Peasant. O, here comes Patty! Here comes the Queen o' the day— What has kept you from us so long, Patty?

2d Peas. Please your Majesty, you should say.

Patty. This poor little lamb of mine was what kept me so long. It strayed away from the rest; and I should have lost him, so I should, for ever, if it had not been for a good young gentleman. —Yonder he is, talking to Farmer Hearty.—That's the young gentleman, who pulled my lamb out of a ditch for me, into which he had fallen—Pretty creature!

1st Peas. Pretty creature, or your Majesty, which ever you choose to be called—come and dance with them, and I'll carry your lamb.

[*Exeunt singing and dancing.*

Enter Farmer Hearty and Talbot.

Farm. Why, young gentleman, I'm glad I happened to light upon you here, and so to hinder you from going farther astray, and to set your heart at ease, like.

Talb. Thanks, good farmer; you have set my heart at ease, indeed: but the truth is, they did frighten me confoundedly. More fool I.

Farm. No fool at all, to my notion. I should, at your age, aye, or at my age, just the self-same way, have been frighted myself, if so be that mention had been made to me, that way, of my own mother's having broke her leg, or so— And greater, by a great deal, the shame for them that frighted you, than for you to be frighted.—How young gentlemen, now, can bring themselves for to like to tell such lies, is to me, now, a matter

of amazement, like, that I can't get over, no ways.

Talb. O, farmer, such lies are very witty, though you and I don't just now like the wit of them. This is fun, this is *quizzing;* but you don't know what we young gentlemen mean by *quizzing.*

Farm. Aye, but I do, though, to my cost, ever since last year. Look you, now, at yon fine field of wheat.—Well, it was just as fine, and finer, last year, till a young Eton jackanapes—

Talb. Take care what you say, farmer; for *I* am a young Eton jackanapes.

Farm. No, but you be not the young Eton jackanapes that I'm a thinking on —I tell you, it was this time last year, man; he was a horseback, I tell ye, mounted upon a fine bay hunter, out o' hunting, like.

Talb. I tell you, it was this time last year, man, that I was mounted upon a fine bay hunter, out a hunting.

Farm. Zooks! would you argufy a man out of his wits? You won't go for to tell me, that you are that impertinent little jackanapes?

Talb. No! no! I'll not tell you, that I am an impertinent little jackanapes.

Farm. (*wiping his forehead*) Well, don't then, for I can't believe it; and you put me out. Where was I?

Talb. Mounted upon a fine bay hunter!

Farm. Aye, so he was. Here, *you*, says he, meaning me—open this gate for me.—Now, if he had but a spoke me fair, I would not have gainsayed him; but he falls to swearing; so I bid him open the gate for himself—" There's a bull behind you, farmer," says he—I

turns—"*Quizzed* him!" cries my jackanapes; and off he gallops him, through the very thick of my corn: but he got a fall leaping the ditch, out yonder, which pacified me, like, at the minute. So I goes up to see whether he was killed; but he was not a whit the worse for his tumble. So I should ha' fell into a passion with him then, to be sure, about my corn, but his horse had got such a terrible sprain, I couldn't say any thing to him, for I was a pitying the poor animal. As fine a hunter as ever you saw! I am *sar*tain sure he could never come to good after.

Talb. (*aside*) I *do* think, from the description, that this was Wheeler: and I have paid for the horse which he spoiled! (*Aloud*) Should you know either the man or the horse again, if you were to see them?

Farm. Aye, that I should, to my dying day.

Talb. Will you come with me, then, and you'll do me some guineas' worth of service?

Farm. Aye, that I will, with a deal of pleasure; for you be a civil-spoken young gentleman, and, besides, I don't think the worse *on* you for being *frighted* a little about your mother; being what I might ha' been at your age, myself; for I had a mother myself once. So, lead on, master.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the second Act.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Garden of the Windmill Inn, at Salt Hill.

Miss Bursal, Mrs. Newington, Sally the chambermaid.

[*Miss Bursal, very much dressed, is sitting on a garden-stool, and leans her head against the Landlady, as if fainting—Sally holds a glass of water and a smelling-bottle.*

Miss B. Where am I? Where am I?

Landlady. At the Windmill at Salt Hill, young lady; and ill or well you can't be better.

Sally. Do you find yourself better since coming into the air, miss?

Miss B. Better! Oh, I shall never be better.

[*Leans her head on her hand, and rocks herself backwards and forwards.*

Landlady. My dear young lady, don't take on so. (*aside*) Now would I give somewhat to know what it was my Lady Piercefield said to the father, and what the father said to this one, and what's the matter at the bottom of affairs.—Sally, did you hear any thing at the doors?

Sally. (*aside*) No, indeed, ma'am: I never *be's* at the doors.

Landlady. (*aside*) Simpleton!—(*aloud*) But, my dear Miss Bursal—if I may be so bold—if you'd only disembosom your mind of what's on it—

Miss B. Disembosom my mind! Nonsense! I've nothing on my mind. Pray, leave me, madam.

Landlady. (*aside*) Madam, indeed!—Madam, forsooth! O, I'll make her pay for that. That *madam* shall go down in the bill, as sure as my name's Newington.

Landlady. Well, I wish you better, ma'am. I suppose I'd best send your own servant.

Miss B. (*sullenly*) Yes, I suppose so. —(*to Sally*)—You need not wait, child, nor look so curious.

Sally. Cur'ous! Indeed, miss, if I look a little *cur'ous*, or so (*looking at her dress*), 'tis only because I was *frighted* to see you take on, which made me forget my clean apron, when I came out; and this apron—

Miss B. Hush! hush! child:—Don't tell me about clean aprons, nor run on with your vulgar talk. Is there ever a seat one can sit on in that *h*arbour yonder?

Sally. O, dear *'art*, yes, miss, 'tis the pleasantest *h*arbour on *h*earth. Be pleased to lean on my *h*arm, and you'll soon be there.

Miss B. (*going*) Then tell my wo-

man she need not come to me, and let nobody *interude* on me—do ye *'ear?* (*aside*) O, what will become of me! and the Talbots will soon know it!—And the ponies, and the curricle, and the vis-a-vis — what will become of them? and how shall I make my appearance at the Montem, or any *ware* else?

SCENE II.

Lord John—Wheeler—Bursal.

Wheel. Well, but my lord—Well, but Bursal—though my Lady Piercefield—though Miss Bursal is come to Salt Hill, you won't leave us all at sixes and sevens. What can we do without you?

L. J. You can do very well without me.

Burs. You can do very well without me.

Wheel. (*to Burs.*) Impossible !—impossible ! You know Mr. Finsbury will be here just now, with the dresses ; and we have to try them on.

Burs. And to pay for them.

Wheel. And to settle about the procession.—And then, my lord, the election is to come on this evening ; you won't go till that's over, as your lordship has *promised* me your lordship's vote and interest.

Lord J. My vote I promised you, Mr. Wheeler ; but I said not a syllable about my *interest.* My friends, perhaps, have not been offended, though I have, by Mr. Talbot. I shall leave them to their own inclinations.

Bursal. (*whistling*) Wheugh ! wheugh ! wheugh !—Wheeler, the principal's nothing without the interest.

Wheel. O, the interest will go along

with the principal, of course; for, I'm persuaded, if my lord leaves his friends to their inclinations, it will be the inclination of my lord's friends to vote as he does, if he says nothing to them to the contrary.

Lord J. I told you, Mr. Wheeler, that I should leave them to themselves.

Burs. (*still whistling*) Well, I'll do my best to make that father of mine send me off to Oxford. I'm sure I'm fit to go—along with Wheeler. Why, you'd best be my tutor, Wheeler!—a devilish good thought.

Wheel. An excellent thought!

Burs. And a cursed fine dust we should kick up at Oxford with your Montem money and all!—Money's *the go*, after all. I wish it was come to my making you my last bow, "ye distant spires, ye *antic* towers!"

Wheel. (*aside to Lord J.*) Ye *antic* towers!—fit for Oxford, my lord!

Lord J. *Antique* towers, I suppose, Mr. Bursal means.

Burs. Antique, to be sure! I said antique, did not I, Wheeler?

Wheel. O, yes.

Lord J. (*aside*) What a mean animal is this!

Enter Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. Why, now, what's become of Talbot, I want to know? There he is not to be found any where in the wide world; and there's a hullaboloo amongst his friends for him.

(*Wheeler and Bursal wink at one another.*)

Wheel. We know nothing of him.

Lord J. I have not the honour, sir, to be one of Mr. Talbot's friends. It is his own fault, and I am sorry for it.

Rory. Faith, so am I, especially as it is mine—fault I mean—and especially as the election is just going to come on.

Enter a party of boys, who cry, Finsbury's come—Finsbury's come with the dresses.

Wheel. Finsbury's come! O, let us see the dresses, and let us try 'em on to-night.

Burs. (*pushing the crowd*) On with ye—On with ye, there?—Let's try 'em on!—Try 'em on—I'm to be colonel.

1st boy. And I lieutenant.

2d boy. And I ensign.

3d boy. And I college salt-bearer.

4th boy. And I oppident.

5th boy. O, what a pity I'm in mourning!

Several speak at once. And we are servitors; we are to be the eight servitors.

Wheel. And I am to be your captain, I hope. Come on, my colonel—(*to Bursal*) My lord, you are coming.

Rory. By and by—I've a word in his ear, by your *lave* and his.

Burs. Why, what the devil stops the way, there?—Push on—On with them.

6th boy. I'm marshal.

Burs. On with ye—on with ye—who cares what you are?

Wheeler. (*to Bursal aside*) You'll pay Finsbury for me, you rich Jew?—(*to Lord John*) Your lordship will remember your lordship's promise.

Lord J. I do not usually forget my promises, sir; and therefore need not to be reminded of them.

Wheel. I beg pardon—I beg ten thousand pardons, my lord.

Burs. (*taking him by the arm*) Come on, man, and don't stand begging pardon there, or I'll leave you.

Wheel. (*to Burs.*) I beg pardon, Bursal—I beg pardon, ten thousand times. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lord John and Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. Wheugh!—Now, put the case, if I was going to be hanged, for the life of me, I couldn't be after begging so many pardons for nothing at all. But many men, many minds.—(*Hums.*) True game to the last! No Wheeler for me. O, murder! I forgot I was nigh letting the cat out o' the bag again.

Lord J. You had something to say to me, sir? I wait till your recollection returns.

Rory. Faith, and that's very kind of you; and if you had always done so, you would never have been offended with me, my lord.

Lord J. You are mistaken, Mr. O'Ryan, if you think, that you did or could offend me.

Rory. Mistaken I was, then, sure enough: but we are all liable to mistakes, and should forget and forgive

one another — that's the way to go through the world.

Lord J. You will go through the world your own way, Mr. O'Ryan, and allow me to go through it my way.

Rory. Very fair—fair enough—then we shan't cross.—But now, to come to the point—I don't like to be making disagreeable retrospects, if I could any way avoid it; nor to be going about the bush, especially at this time a-day, when, as Mr. Finsbury's comé, we've not so much time as we had, to lose. Is it true, then, my lord, the report that is going about this hour past, that you have gone in a huff, and giving your promise there to that sneaking Wheeler, to vote for him, now?

Lord J. In answer to your question, sir, I am to inform you, that I *have* promised Mr. Wheeler to vote for him.

Rory. In a huff?—Aye, now, there

it is!—Well, when a man's *mad*, to be sure, he's mad—and that's all that can be said about it. And I know, if I had been *mad* myself, I might have done a foolish thing as well as another. But now, my lord, that you are not mad—

Lord J. I protest, sir, I cannot understand you. In one word, sir, I'm neither mad nor a fool.—Your most obedient. (*going angrily.*)

Rory. (*holding him*) Take care, now, you are going mad with me again.—But phoo! I like ye the better for being mad. I'm very often mad myself, and I would not give a potatoe for one that had never been mad in his life.

Lord J. (*aside*) He'll not be quiet, till he makes me knock him down.

Rory. Agh! agh! agh! I begin to guess whereabouts I am at last—*Mad*, in your country, I take it, means fit for Bedlam; but with us in Ireland, now,

'tis no such thing. It means nothing in life but the being in a passion.—Well, one comfort is, my lord, as you're a bit of a scholar, we have the Latin proverb in our favour, "*Ira furor brevis est*," Anger's short madness. The shorter the better, I think. So, my lord, to put an end to whatever of the kind you may have felt against poor Talbot, I'll assure you he's as innocent o' that unfortunate song as the babe unborn.

Lord J. It is rather late for Mr. Talbot to make apologies to me.

Rory. He make apologies! Not he, faith: he'd send me to Coventry, or, may be, to a worse place, did he but know I was condescending to make this bit of an explanation, unknown to him. But, upon my conscience, I've a regard for ye both, and don't like to see you go together by the ears.—Now, look you, my lord—by this book, and all the

books that were ever shut and opened, he never saw or heard of that unlucky song of mine, till I came out with it this morning.

Lord J. But you told me this morning, that it was he wrote it.

Rory. For that I take shame to myself, as it turned out; but it was only a *white* lie to *sarve* a friend, and make him cut a dash with a new song at election time. But I've done for ever with white lies.

Lord J. (*walking about as if agitated*) I wish you had never begun with them, Mr. O'Ryan. This may be a good joke to you; but it is none to me or Talbot.—So Talbot never wrote a word of the song?

Rory. Not a word or syllable, good or bad.

Lord J. And I have given my promise, to vote against him. He'll lose his election!

Rory. Not if you'll give me leave to speak to your friends, in your name.

Lord J. I have promised to leave them to themselves, and Wheeler, I am sure, has engaged them by this time.

Rory. Bless my body! I'll not stay prating here then. [*Exit Rory.*

Lord J. (*follows*) But what can have become of Talbot? I have been too hasty for once in my life.—Well, I shall suffer for it more than any body else; for I love Talbot, since he did not make the song, of which I hate to think.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.

A large Hall in Eton College—A stair-case at the end—Eton lads dressed in their Montem Dresses in the back Scene—In front, Wheeler (dressed as Captain), Bursal, and Finsbury.

Fins. I give you infinite credit, Mr. Wheeler, for this dress.

Burs. Infinite credit! Why, he'll have no objection to that, hey, Wheeler? —But I thought Finsbury knew you too well, to give you credit for any thing.

Fins. You are pleased to be pleasant, sir. Mr. Wheeler knows, in that sense of the word, it is out of my power to give him credit, and I'm sure he would not ask it.

Wheel. (*aside*) O, Bursal, pay him; and I'll pay you to-morrow.

Burs. Now if you weren't to be captain after all, Wheeler, what a pretty figure you'd cut. Ha! ha! ha!—Hey?

Wheel. O, I am as sure of being captain, as of being alive.—(*aside*) Do pay for me, now,—there's a good dear fellow, before *they* (*looking back*) come up.

Burs. (*aside*) I love to make him

lick the dust.—(*aloud*) Hollo! Here's Finsbury waiting to be paid, lads.—(*to the lads who are in the back scene*)—Who has paid, and who has not paid, I say?

[*The lads come forward, and several exclaim at once,*

I've paid! I've paid!

Enter Lord John and Rory O'Ryan.

Rory. O King of Fashion, how fine we are! Why, now, to look at ye all, one might fancy one's self at the play-house at once, or at a fancy ball in dear little Dublin.—Come, strike up a dance.

Burs. Pshaw! Wherever you come, Rory O'Ryan, no one else can be heard. Who has paid, and who has not paid, I say?

Several boys exclaim, We've all paid.

1st boy. I've not paid, but here's my money.

Several boys. We have not paid, but here's our money.

6th boy. Order, there! I am marshal. All that have paid, march off to the staircase, and take your seats there, one by one.—March.

[*As they march by, one by one, so as to display their dresses, Mr. Finsbury bows, and says,*

A thousand thanks, gentlemen—Thank you, gentlemen—Thanks, gentlemen.—The finest sight ever I saw out of Lon'on.

Rory, as each lad passes, catches his arm, Are you a Talbot*ite*, or a Wheelerite?—To each who answers *A Wheelerite*, Rory replies, "Phoo—dance off, then"—*Go to the devil and shake yourself**——Each who answers *A Talbot-*

* This is the name of a country dance.

ite, Rory shakes by the hand violently, singing,

"Talbot, O, Talbot's the dog for Rory."

When they have almost all passed, Lord John says, But where can Mr. Talbot be all this time?

Burs. Who knows? Who cares?

Wheel. A pretty electioneerer! (*aside to Bursal*) Finsbury's waiting to be paid.

Lord J. You don't wait for me, Mr. Finsbury. You know I have settled with you.

Fins. Yes, my lord—yes. Many thanks; and I have left your lordship's dress here, and every body's dress, I believe, as bespoke.

Burs. Here, Finsbury's the money for Wheeler, who, between you and I, is as poor as a rat.

Wheeler. (*affecting to laugh*) Well,

I hope I shall be as rich as a Jew to-morrow.

[*Bursal counts money in an ostentatious manner into Finsbury's hand.*

Fins. A thousand thanks for all favours.

Rory. You'll be kind enough, to *lave* Mr. Talbot's dress with me, Mr. Finsbury; for I'm a friend.

Fins. Indubitably, sir; but the misfortune is—he! he! ha!—Mr. Talbot, sir, has bespoke no dress.—Your servant, gentlemen. [*Exit Finsbury.*

Burs. So your friend, Mr. Talbot, could not afford to bespeak a dress.—(*Bursal and Wheeler laugh insolently*) How comes that, I wonder?

Lord J. If I'm not mistaken, here comes Talbot, to answer for himself.

Rory. But who, in the name of St. Patrick, has he along with him?

Enter Talbot and Landlord.

Talb. Come in along with us, Farmer Hearty—Come in.

[*Whilst the Farmer comes in, the boys, who were sitting on the stairs, rise and exclaim—*

"Whom have we here? what now? come down, lads, here's more fun.

Rory. What's here, Talbot?

Talb. An honest farmer, and a good-natured landlord, who *would* come here along with me to speak—

Farm. (*interrupting*) To speak the truth (*strikes his stick on the ground*).

Landlord. (*unbuttoning his waistcoat*) But I am so hot—so short-winded, that (*panting and puffing*) that for the soul and body of me, I cannot say what I have got for to say.

Rory. Faith now, the more short-winded a story the better, to my fancy.

Burs. Wheeler, what's the matter, man?

you look as if your under jaw was broke.

Farm. The matter is, young gentlemen, that there was once upon a time a fine bay hunter.

Wheel. (*squeezing up to Talbot aside*) Don't expose me, don't let him tell—(*to the Farmer*) I'll pay for the corn I spoiled. (*to the Landlord*) I'll pay for the horse.

Farm. I does not want to be paid for my corn—the short of it is, young gentlemen, this 'un here in the fine thing-em-bobs (*pointing to Wheeler*) is a shabby fellow—he went and spoiled Master Newington's best hunter.

Land. (*panting*) Ruinationed him, ruinationed him.

Rory. But was that all the shabbiness? now I might, or any of us might have had such an accident as that—I suppose he paid the gentleman for the horse—or will do so in good time.

Land. (*holding his sides*) O that I had but a little breath in this body o' mine to speak all—speak on, Farmer.

Farm. (*striking his stick on the floor*) Oons, sir, when a man's put out, he can't go on with his story.

Omnes. Be quiet, Rory—hush.

(*Rory puts his finger on his lips*)

Farm. Why, sir, I was a'going to tell you the shabbiness—Why, sir, he did not pay landlord here for the horse, but he goes and says to the landlord here—"Mr. "Talbot had your horse on the self-same "day, 'twas he did the damage, 'tis from "he you must get your money."—So Mr. Talbot here, who is another-guess sort of a gentleman (though he has not so fine a coat) would not see a man at a loss, that could not afford it; and not knowing which of 'em it was that spoiled the horse, goes, when he finds the other would not pay a farthing, and pays all.

Rory. (*rubbing his hands*) There's Talbot for ye.—And now, gentlemen (*to Wheeler and Bursal*), you guess the *rason*, as I do, I suppose, why he bespoke no dress—he had not money enough to be fine—and honest too—You are very fine, Mr. Wheeler, to do you justice.

Lord J. Pray, Mr. O'Ryan, let the farmer go on—he has more to say—How did you find out pray, my good friend, that it was not Talbot, who spoiled the horse?—Speak loud enough to be heard by every body.

Farm. Aye that I will—I say (*very loudly*) I say I saw *him* there (*pointing to Wheeler*) take the jump which strained the horse—and I'm ready to swear to it—Yet he let another pay—there's the shabbiness.

[*A general groan from all the lads—"Oh shabby Wheeler, shabby! I'll not vote for shabby Wheeler!"*

Lord J. (*aside*) Alas! I must vote for him.

Rory sings.

" True game to the last, no Wheeler for me;
" Talbot! O, Talbot's the dog for me."

(*Several voices join the chorus*)

Burs. Wheeler, if you are not chosen captain, you must see and pay me for the dress.

Wheel. I'm as poor as a rat.

Rory. O yes! O yes! hear ye! hear ye, all manner of men—the election is now going to begin forthwith in the big field, and Rory O'Ryan holds the poll for Talbot—Talbot for ever, huzza!

[*Exit Rory followed by the boys, who exclaim " Talbot for ever, huzza"—the Landlord and Farmer join them.*

Lord J. Talbot, I'm glad you *are*, what I always thought you—I'm glad you did not write that odious song—I

would not lose such a friend for all the songs in the world—Forgive me for my hastiness this morning—I've punished myself — I've promised to vote for Wheeler.

Talb. O, no matter whom you vote for, my lord, if you are still my friend, and if you know me to be yours.

(*They shake hands*)

Lord J. I must not say, "*Huzza for Talbot!*" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.

Windsor Terrace.

Lady Piercefield—Mrs. Talbot—Louisa—and a little girl of six years old, Lady Violetta, daughter to Lady Piercefield.

Violetta. (*looking at a paper, which Louisa holds*) I like it *very* much.

Lady P. What is it that you like *very* much, Violetta?

Violet. You are not to know *yet*, mamma—it is—I may tell her that—it is a little drawing, that Louisa is doing for me—Louisa, I wish you would let me show it to mamma.

Louisa. And welcome, my dear; it is only a sketch of *The Little Merchants*, a story which Violetta was reading, and she asked me to try to draw the pictures of the little merchants for her.

[*Whilst Lady P. looks at the drawing, Violetta says to Louisa,*

But are you in earnest, Louisa, about what you were saying to me just now; quite in earnest?

Louisa. Yes in earnest — quite in earnest, my dear.

Violet. And may I ask mamma *now?*

Louisa. If you please, my dear.

Violet. (*runs to her mother*) Stoop down to me, mamma, I've something to whisper to you.

[*Lady Piercefield stoops down. Violetta throws her arms round her mother's neck.*

Violet. (*aside to her mother*) Mamma, do you know—you know you want a governess for me.

Lady P. Yes, if I could find a good one.

Violet. (*aloud*) Stoop again, mamma, I've more to whisper. (*Aside to her mother*) *She* says she will be my governess, if you please.

Lady P. *She !*—who is *she ?*

Violet. Louisa.

Lady P. (*patting Violetta's cheek*) You are a little fool—Miss Talbot is only playing with you.

Violet. No indeed, mamma, she is in earnest, are not you, Louisa ?—O, say yes.

Louisa. Yes.

Violet. (*claps her hands*) *Yes*, mamma, you hear *yes*,

Louisa. If Lady Piercefield will trust you to my care—I am persuaded, that I should be much happier as your governess, my good little Violetta, than as an humble dependant of Miss Bursal's. (*Aside to her mother*) You see, that, now I am put to the trial, I keep to my resolution, dear mother.

Mrs. T. Your ladyship would not be surprised at this offer of my Louisa's, if you had heard, as we have done within these few hours, of the loss of the East India ship in which almost our whole property was embarked.

Louisa. The Bombay Castle is wrecked.

Lady P. The *Bombay* Castle! I have the pleasure to tell you that you are misinformed—It was the *Airly* Castle that was wrecked.

Louisa and Mrs. T. Indeed!

Lady P. Yes — You may depend

upon it—It was the *Airly* Castle, that was lost—You know I am just come from Portsmouth, where I went to meet my brother, Governor Morton, who came home with the last India fleet, and from whom I had the intelligence.

[*Here Violetta interrupts, to ask her mother for her nosegay—Lady P. gives it to her, and then goes on speaking.*

Lady P. They were in such haste, foolish people! to carry their news to London, that they mistook one castle for another—But do you know, that Mr. Bursal loses fifty thousand pounds, it is said, by the *Airly Castle.*—When I told him she was lost, I thought he would have dropped down—however, I found he comforted himself afterwards with a bottle of Burgundy—but poor Miss Bursal has been in hysterics ever since.

Mrs. T. Poor girl!—My Louisa, *you* did not fall into hysterics, when I told you of the loss of our whole fortune.

[*Violetta during this dialogue has been seated on the ground making up a nosegay.*

Violet. (*aside*) Fall into hysterics! what are hysterics, I wonder?

Louisa. Miss Bursal is much to be pitied, for the loss of wealth will be the loss of happiness to her.

Lady P. It is to be hoped, that this loss may at least check the foolish pride and extravagance of young Bursal, who, as my son tells me——

[*A cry of* " *Huzza!—Huzza!*" *behind the scenes.*

Enter Lord John.

Lord J. (*hastily*) How d'ye do, mother?—Miss Talbot, I give you joy—

Lady P. Take breath, take breath.

Louisa. Is my brother—

Mrs. T. Here he is!—Hark!—Hark!

[*A cry behind the scenes of* "*Talbot and truth for ever! Huzza!*"

Louisa. They are chairing him.

Lord J. Yes, they are chairing him, and he has been chosen for his honourble conduct, not for his electioneering skill; for, to do him justice, Coriolanus himself was not a worse electioneerer.

Enter Rory O'Ryan and another Eton lad carrying Talbot in a chair, followed by a crowd of Eton Lads.

Rory. By your *lave*, my lord—By your *lave*, ladies.

Omnes. "*Huzza! Talbot and truth for ever, Huzza!*"

Talb. Set me down! there's my mother!—there's my sister!

Rory. Easy, easy—Set him down!—

No such *ting!* give him t'other huzz
there's nothing like a good loud huz
in this world—Yes there is, for as n
Lord John said just now, out of son
book, or his own head,

" One self-approving hour whole years outweig
" Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas."

(*Curtain falls.*)

THE END.

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